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PUNCH

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CHARIVARIA

MANY French newspapers are arguing that the country's choice has to be "De Gaulle or chaos," though a few others take the view that it seems quite possible to have both.

IT WAS good news that seventy-three nuclear scientists, still hoarse from the second atom conference at Geneva, dashed straight off to Kitzbühel for another one—the third "Pugwash" conference—beginning next day. If we can only keep them on the move, peace may yet be saved.

AFTER the Master of the Quantock Staghounds had "smeared the blood of a dead stag" on the face of Mr. Jimmy Edwards, the comedian said "I think it gave pleasure to the local people." Few comedians are so frankly self-critical.

MONTGOMERY says his memoirs "do not include a single unkind word about anybody." Tactless to the last, say his publishers.

AIR PASSENGERS were all ready to grumble when London Airport firemen withdrew their labour for six hours the



other day . . . until it turned out that they were protesting at having their tenders partly crewed by untrained men.

CAMPAIGNING against proposals to build a new £250,000 town hall a Wanstead-Woodford ratepayer said "It's been like knocking my head against a brick wall." Good practice, anyway.

IT IS understood that the seventy-four Jamaicans who arrived in London last week and found "no one waiting to meet them" were pleasantly surprised.

NOW that the Walthamstow cinema, closed down last March, is to be



reopened by public demand, even more people are predicting that television will eventually be killed by television.

HARDENED gourmets felt their taste-buds stirring when a Jamaican, charged with biting a Dudley detective, said how "nice" he had been.

A LITTLE tax education at school, says an Inland Revenue Staff Federation spokesman, should teach something to "even the most dim-witted boy or girl." If only to know when they're well off.

"By Rocking-Chair Across America," by ALEX ATKINSON, illustrated by RONALD SEARLE, starts next week. It is a description of the United States by a man who has never been there.



Punch Diary

HOWEVER tough they find the going when the autumn term opens, British teachers are at least faced with a work-programme that is fixed and a term that is predictable, unlike their confrères at Little Rock, whose curriculum must be adaptable to conditions in which from lesson to lesson the school may be open, closed or ajar and the number and colour of their pupils vary wildly. I hope the school authorities are paying handsome bonuses to teachers who are forced to say things like "Now next lesson we'll have a competition to see who has found most kinds of moss, subject to the intervention of the Supreme-Court and any interim decisions of the Circuit Court of Appeals," or "On Monday we shall study the use of the Imperfect Subjunctive in Conditional Clauses, provided in the meantime there is no executive action by the Governor of the Klan."

Nothing Arresting

DESCRIBED variously as "faintly frivolous" and "severely practical," Miss de Vitre's blue straw hat scooped most of last week's Interpol publicity. This was journalism at work on complacently familiar lines. True, the *Daily Express* leader-page had a reference to the other one hundred and sixty-nine delegates under the blanket adjective "gimlet-eyed," and the sleuth from Liberia came out a rich black in the photographs, but few pertinent questions were asked. How do these far-flung detectives compare with those of fiction? (Remembering that these are cops, not smart-Alec private eyes.) Even so, there could at least be an Inspector Charlie Chan among them,

eyelids pasted down at the corners, speech free from both definite and indefinite articles. Again, how does Interpol get on while its key-men are sitting in Church House? As they listen to Miss de Vitre's paper on the recruitment of policewomen, are the drug traffickers trafficking while the going is good? I feel that there was tremendous drama here; though possibly the only reason the papers didn't find it was because there wasn't. Dash it, they didn't even raise a cry about this being the time for a united drive on Alfred George Hinds!

Two Children and It

THE exhibition called "The Lost Image," now at the Royal Festival Hall, contains paintings by two chimpanzees, an orang-utan, two human children (one three, one fifteen months) and a group of Tachistes impressed into Tachisme from their studies at the Ipswich School of Art. The moral of the exhibition is that while the most primitive artists appear to be in search of a design, if not an actual image, the most sophisticated artists want to do away with image and design altogether.

The object might have been more persuasively attained if the Tachistes had been real Tachistes and not a batch of boys and girls given a day off drawing from the model and told to do some Tachiste paintings instead; but it is

interesting none the less. On the way back from the private view I passed a young postman standing on Waterloo Bridge and sketching the City skyline. "I make rough sketches here," he said, "and finish them at home." "Do you exhibit them?" I asked. "No," he said. "I just like drawing. It's my hobby." Seeing he was so indifferent to success, I forbore to tell him that he had left it some fifteen years too late to start.

Bless the Bride

THE Archdeacon of Chesterfield, who wants us to throw sugared almonds instead of confetti at weddings, is really harking back to the original meaning of confetti—sweetmeats or comfits; coloured paper was a substitution. The city cereal merchant who recommended rice must surely remember that until a few decades ago bridal couples were commonly pelted with rice; it was given up when a softer generation complained that the hard pellets hurt. Spilling of corn, a worldwide usage, is not only meant to symbolize fecundity; it is also supposed to augur well for prosperity and good husbandry, as, too, was the messier primitive rite in which the bride smeared honey or butter over the pole of the mortgage-free tent. (This would have pleased the Archdeacon, who thought children could pick up the sugared almonds afterwards.) The undoing of knots and laces found in some early nuptial ceremonies seems to contradict our slang phrase "tying the knot"; the significance was a wish for easy childbirth. A shower of rose-petals, still sometimes seen in the country, is the prettiest and cleanest gesture of all.

These Names Make . . .

THE man who said a word of praise for the men who cleared the railways of floodwater was Sir Philip Warter, Chairman of British Railways Southern Area Board. A lecturer at the V. & A. next month on "Artistic Activities at the Court of Naples" is Mr. Kenneth Garlick. "Big Increase in Beer Production," ran the headline over a piece by P. S. Tipple, City Editor of the *Star*. And the *Surrey Advertiser* chipped in with an item about a girl who had been to school only twenty-nine times out of a possible hundred and three—figures supplied by Mr. C. H. C. Backlog, school attendance officer.





Norman Macbryde

DANGER TO NAVIGATION

Aspects of modern thought and behaviour

WESTERN APPROACHES : Sport



FORTY YEARS ON

By R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW

SPORT to most neo-Elizabethans, like my Lord Clarendon's jokes to Charles the Second, is no laughing matter. In its major manifestations we have allowed it to become irretrievably confused with politics, commerce, and statistics. Indeed, Sport to-day is a big noise; nearly the biggest noise in the world; bigger, for most people, than Parliament, or Shakespeare, or Darwin, or De Gaulle.

The word Sport has come a long way, and on the journey it has lost much of its looks and its meaning. The poet Milton thought it no bad idea to Sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or, by way of a change, with the tangles of Neæra's hair. It is a far call from so relaxed a form of entertainment to playing a five-day match of Test cricket, occasionally among broken bottles, or refereeing a boxing match while sidestepping broken chairs. The result in Sport seems to matter so much more than once it did. Nearly everyone likes to win. Time was when a defeat, or even a victory, was accepted, and perhaps soon forgotten, like rain or sunshine on a journey. But to-day a match of anything does not end so easily. We see cricketers writing about each other not like cricketers but like angry old women with hatpins. We find, too, that State-supported Sport, though doubtless admirable in its idealism, leads logically to another sort of state in which to lose a match or a race is like losing the Battle of Waterloo. We observe the ludicrous yet tragic heresy that if you beat another person at a game you are not only a better games-player but a better person. We must gracefully accept the change, but we need not mistake it for progress.

I cannot expect to deal with so vast a subject in so confined a space, as the gaoler said to Falstaff in the cell. I shall but "touch the parsley and the rue."

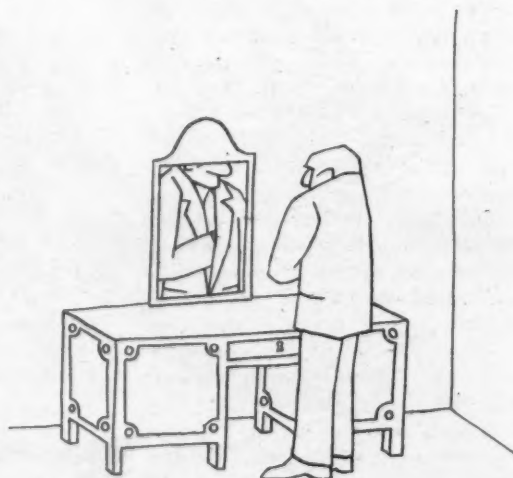
I ask you, therefore, just to glance back with me from "Forty Years On," at some of the changing aspects of Sport; as connoisseurs rather than moralists. First, may we just touch on the subject of Amateurism; calmly, quite non-politically, without any tearing of the remaining hairs. During a day's reading recently I came, in the morning, upon a page of *Wisden's Cricketers Almanack* for 1921. On it was printed—"Mr. D. R. Jardine c Hendren b Gunesekara 60." In the afternoon I saw an advertisement of a new and delightful book. It referred, as an inducement, to "Doug Jardine." So, thought I, my genial and purposeful companion once in many a talk between slip and mid-on was "Mr. Jardine" at the age of nineteen and "Doug Jardine" at the age of fifty-seven. "Doug Jardine": ye gods and minor fishes! It's like calling the Archbishop of Canterbury "Geoff Fisher." Yes, we unpaid players in those days were written down as "Mr.," and the professionals tended to have their initials, like some eleventh-hour concession, printed in brackets after their surnames. It seems uncommonly silly to-day. But at the relevant time I don't think any of us, professional or amateur, cared a row of acorns about it; any more than we cared that some of us emerged on to the arena from one gate, some of us from another. If we'd all popped up from a trap-door it wouldn't have altered the happiness, confidence, and humour that we found in each other's company.

But I do think that the true amateur is missed;

not only in cricket but in other Big Sport to-day. I think that top-class Association Football misses Corinthians such as were G. O. Smith and W. N. Cobbold, not only for their skill but for their example, influence, and leadership, and most of all for their leadership.

To return, a moment, to cricket. A team, especially a Test team, needs a captain who is financially independent of the game. A professional has enough on his plate without leadership. He depends on his personal success for his financial value, direct and indirect. Add the captaincy, and the strain is beyond what he should be fairly expected to bear. Further, without reference to sociology or politics, I believe that gentlemen, whether in sport or business, make the best leaders. We recognize a gentleman among racehorses, dogs, and even canaries. So why not among games-players? If you are in doubt, ask any cricket professional.

From captaincy to clothing. In clothing, as in conduct, most of us are



FOLON

still enjoying the revolt from an era when it was almost immoral to be seen coming out of a bathroom, and rather improper for a beach-beauty to show even the lower half of her knee-cap. To-day we tend to naturalism. In most Sports both sexes seem to be wearing less and less. How far this decrease derives from practical policy and how far from æsthetic causes it is hard to say. In lawn tennis it is a far sartorial cry from Mrs. Lambert Chambers to the modern queens of the racket, of whom one, quite recently, shed a tiresome article of underwear more or less while in play during a major tournament. I wondered at the time what a certain Royal Personage—no longer, alas! among the spectators—would have thought of this manœuvre. Anyhow, when I was a boy, lady players wore what looked almost like a nightshirt, and wielded a sort of fishing-net with a handle. Now they come on to the court in something very short and carrying three or four rackets. Like them, I'm all for the change.

In Ladies' Golf, nearly a generation ago Miss Gloria (rightly named) Minoprio first surprised critics and delighted admirers by playing in long trousers. Such wear is now commonplace. But some lingering conservatism prevents me from believing in shorts for golfers of either sex. The other day I saw a lady competitor in very short shorts moving away from the eighteenth green towards the clubhouse. "That girl," I said to myself, "is walking into trouble." And, sure enough, the committee of management (with two dissentients) decided that shorts wouldn't do. Of course the time will come when golf-shorts will be a half-forgotten fashion. And show-jumping girls will bounce round the obstacles in bikini, bedroom-slippers, and crash-helmet.

And what of us men? We, too, have struggled towards freedom. Time was when we were not encouraged to have any legs at all. Late-Victorian Rugby players scored tries in tight knee-breeches. My own first Soccer season at a public school was spent in the same semi-court dress. Cricketers, first-class and otherwise, right up to the nineteen-twenties, were apt to wear yellowish-white drainpipe flannels that any Teddy-boy would have turned down as a threat to varicose veins. But with the rationalization of dress has come



an increase of equipment. Cricket-bags now contain pads almost large enough to conceal a small man from the bowler. Golf-bags begin to resemble cabin-trunks, with hosts of clubs and several changes of clothing. And, at the present rate of progress in Big Golf, a collapsible bed will soon be added.

While clothes in Sport have been decreasing, publicity has grown like a young giant. At Manchester, on Tuesday, May 28, 1912, during the Triangular Test Tournament between the cricketers of England, Australia, and South Africa, a twenty-eight-year-old Australian, T. J. Matthews, did the "hat-trick" twice in one day against South Africa; a feat that had not been done before and is most unlikely to be

done again. The cricket reporter of one of the staid dailies remarked in his half-column the next morning that shortly before the close of the match T. J. Matthews achieved the "hat-trick" for the second time. The reporter added no comment; possibly because he wasn't there at the time. How would such a cricketing triumph have been greeted to-day? T. J. Matthews would first have been photographed to a standstill; then he would have been cornered by a pack of us pressmen and urged to reveal his innermost thoughts on Atomism, umpires, marriage, the ballet, Cyprus, covering the pitch, the Lambeth Conference, and skiffle. He would have been pictured enjoying some breakfast

cereal that he'd never wanted to hear of, let alone eat. His performance would have been announced in about four radio news bulletins, and seen, with ordinary luck, on TV, at intervals, for about a month. But, in 1912, T. J. Matthews just "achieved the 'hat-trick' for the second time." Compare this treatment of a colossal triumph with to-day's treatment, on radio or TV, of no triumph at all—"Jones is running up to the wicket; he's getting nearer; he's reached it; he's bowled a delivery to Smith, who plays it slowly towards cover-point, where Thompson seems to be picking his teeth with a spent match. Roy Webber, can you tell me any previous instance of a cover-point called Thompson picking his teeth

during a Test Match? You can't? Thanks, old man." In short, sporting publicity has moved. There used to be too little about much. Now, there is too much about little.

But there is another side to the question. There is our gratitude for the miracles of radio and television. Dull must be of soul who does not thrill at the sight of the last runner on his way into the Stadium with the Olympic torch. Those who cannot perhaps ever again leave hospital or their own home can see or hear the swift fencing of a match at Wimbledon, the crash of the deciding goal in a Cup Final at Wembley, the crowd roaring and swaying at Twickenham as a three-quarter cuts through to the corner-flag, the attitude

of a batsman as the ball that brings his century smacks against the boundary.

I have spoken mostly of first-class or top-grade Sport. It would need a book to tell of the spread of Sport and its opportunities among the millions who are never reported. Wider and wider it stretches. It is for us to keep Sport in its place; not as a tyrant but as a giver of friendship, health and happiness.

Next week:

D. F. KARAKA

Other contributors:

JOHN WAIN

DREW MIDDLETON

Lay that Pistil Down

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"Facts of Life." Father of boy and girl would deeply appreciate a beautifully written essay on this subject.—The Times

YOU must have noticed that often when a lady and gentleman kiss on the pictures or TV it is not the same sort of kiss that you give your Mummy and Daddy, or even the same sort that Mummy and Daddy give each other. This is one of what we call the facts of life, just as girls and boys have different bicycles. They are different in other ways, too, though not as different as they used to be before jeans were invented. And, by the by, do not confuse jeans with genes, because these were invented much, much earlier, though you have only just begun to hear about them on the B.B.C.

I know you are very interested in birds, and love to see the blue tits hanging upside down from a half coconut, but I am sure you know that

it is cruel to take their eggs—because if those eggs are left to ripen they will have other birds in them, and in time *they* will hang on half coconuts and *they* will have eggs with other birds in them. Yet there is a difference between the bird and the coconut, which does not have eggs but is a native of the Malay Arch-i-pelago, whence it has been carried by human agency to tropical and subtropical regions in all parts of the world. Perhaps you can most easily associate the word "coconut" with the word "shy," and if so I am very pleased as shyness was the next thing I was going to talk about.

Little boys and girls are very often "shy" with one another, though not, of course, if they are brothers and sisters. When it comes to the facts of life, brothers and sisters are not boys and girls in that sense at all, but often ride each others' bicycles and think nothing

of it. I expect you have noticed, too, that a boy throws a ball at a coconut shy quite differently from a girl, except when the girl is what is called a "tomboy." I expect that will remind you of a "tomcat," and it is true that a tomcat is very much more boy than girl, and cannot have kittens, any more than little boys can. Boys often ask their Mummies, "Can I have a kitten?" and do not understand why they are always told No. It is a fact of life.

One thing that must have puzzled you, since you were about six, was where you were seven years ago? You ask Mummy and Daddy where *they* were seven years ago and they tell you at once, Twickenham, or perhaps even Esher, but when you ask where *you* were they put you off with e-vas-ive answers. You must remember that even your parents do not know the exact answer to everything, and though



there are such songs as "Only a Baby Small, Dropped from the Skies" these are not really giving the facts of life in a true form, as your friends at school may have told you. This does not mean that you should believe all that your friends at school tell you. It is much better to pay attention to a beautifully written essay like this and try to understand what is being said to you.

When a bird . . .

When a cat . . .

I realize that I should have said that coconuts are not the only natives of the Malay archipelago. Many of the natives there are Mummies and Daddies in the same way that your Mummy and Daddy are, exactly. The population was nearly six million in 1947, very unevenly dis-tri-but-ed, leaving large, virtually uninhabited areas of mountain and swamp jungles. When you are older I will lend you some books about the facts of life in that part of the world, by a writer named Somerset Maugham.

Rabbits are . . .

A bee is a fer-ti-lizer, but instead of being spread, like other kinds, it buzzes from flower to flower.

Perhaps the best thing is to think of your Daddy as a great big bee, with only one flower to go at (Mummy!). I expect he has talked to you about the facts of life from time to time, and seemed the biggest bee you ever listened too. If so, remember that that's just what *he* was feeling all the time.

2 2

"The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, set off for his holiday in Scotland yesterday in a jaunty mood. His sporting guns were in the boot of the car that took him to London Airport . . . As he left Downing Street he called to the hundred people who waited to see him go: 'Are you on holiday?' . . . 'Yes,' answered many of them . . . 'Well, so am I now,' Mr. Macmillan shouted . . ."—*Sunday Express*

Any of them take the hint?



"That's unnecessary now."

Rock Around the Rainbow's End

"After all, what's a comic book? Only a fairy tale in the modern idiom."—From an American debate on Horror Comics

HAVE you heard the fairies swearing in the moonlight?
Blistering the blades of grass and waking up the birds,
Screaming oh! such nasty things at other little fairies?
I have, I have—don't they know some words?

Have you seen the Brownies smoking marijuana
In the little dingle by the pretty bubbly* brook,
Where the Pixie Peddler-man passes out the reefer?
I have, I have—come and have a look!

I saw a little elfman once, down along the gutter front,
Shooting out the glow-worms with a teeny-weeny gun;
I've seen "Queenie" Mab in some hot, slick numbers—
Night-life in Elfland is oh! such fun . . .

Oh! the little red lights underneath the mushrooms!
Oo, the wee distilleries of dandelion gin!
There's a tiny dope-fiend in every single poppy,
And King Obe's hideout is our own dust-bin!

Nanny says that children mustn't 'sociate with Brownies,
Mummy says that Fairyland is simply steeped in vice,
Daddy talks of smoking out the bottom of the garden—
But I think the fairies are nice.

M-R. HAIGHT

*Detergent, of course

Chatting with Fido

By CLAUD COCKBURN

NOTHING assures us that someone in Peprosverdlodsk is not teaching dogs to talk. If it happens there it will happen here very soon, like satellites. Now is the time to forget for a moment about the sheer marvellous miracle of it all and start wondering "What shall I and my dog talk about?"

It's the same kind of worry that held things up a while back when there was all that big prognostication about a radio message from Earth to Mars. Just what were we going to say to Mars as an opener? Who was to concoct this stupendous communication, alerting the Martians to the existence and worthwhile character of the human race? Nehru? H. E. Bates? Bob Hope? Someone chosen at random from the telephone books? The Man from the Pru?

You will want to make a good impression on your dog. The man or woman who becomes known as a conversational flop dog-wise may find invitations to week-ends dwindling.

The question arises, just how sophisticated are dogs going to turn out to be? Their observed habits tell one something—as for instance that they will be but faintly interested in a chat about the

bees and the flowers. They know all that.

Indeed it would be wise at the outset to make it a firm rule not to let your dog talk bawdy or smut in your presence. We do not yet know where dogs draw the line, or whether they know about drawing a line at all. Some of his or her experiences, laughable or merely commonplace to the dog, may be embarrassing to you and your circle of friends.

Without actually snubbing him show your dog, too, that you are not interested in his dialect story about the Alsatian, the Scotty and the Dachshund. Do not, on the other hand, discourage him unduly. He may have a keen sense of humour and an eye for comical detail.

The out-of-doors dog may be the one that has the least challenging word-power. But we must all learn to keep our tempers when he starts to assess our capacity with gun or rifle before a roomful of fellow sportsmen. Many dogs have very sharp derisive tongues, and it will be best to start being extra kind to your Spaniel or Setter at once, otherwise he may humiliate you later.

Dogs have a good deal of time for meditation and use it. One sees them lying there on the rug, thinking. Soon we

shall know what it is they've been thinking about. The revelation may not always be pleasant.

Some people when acting as hosts to a dog are ill-advised enough to pretend to know what is on his mind. They see him smile and say "He's thinking of that lovely bone he's going to have later to-day," or they will attribute his pleased expression to erotic imaginings about his "girl friend" down the street. Such people will stand properly rebuked when Fido finally gets around to speaking to them about the matter. He may forgive them for being apparently gluttonous or sex-mad, but they should not judge others by themselves. When a dog smiles it may be that he is recalling some witty aphorism uttered in jolly company the day before; his air of contentment may be induced by satisfaction with the latest pronouncement of the Transport Commission or an Archbishop.

Beginning now, you should make the effort never to say or do in the presence of your dog anything which you would prefer not to have widely reported. Always look under and into things such as sofas and the back seat of the car, and make up your mind in advance whether it is going to be all right for Fido to stay there or whether it would not be more prudent to lock him up somewhere else for the evening.

Naturally he will tell everyone about how you routed him out from his comfortable observation post, and put the worst possible construction upon your action. It will be for each individual to decide whether he prefers to have that happen or to leave Fido in position and abandon whatever it was the individual had in mind to do.

Your best protection, certainly, will be to get the dog to share your interests or at least to understand them. Otherwise you may find yourself constantly punished for actions which are natural to you but appear unintelligibly wanton or disgusting to the dog.

Tell him all about your trauma and the potting-shed and Mom. It will help if he at least has some idea of how you got the way you are.

He may like to watch television with





"Ssh! Quiet, everyone, please. We're approaching London Airport."

you. Encourage this. Dogs on television or the movies almost always have very good characters. They love humans and wish them well. Often enough they will sacrifice their lives to get a human out of trouble. Expose your dog as often as possible to this type of picture. Remark what a wonderful uplift and glow it gives a mammal, however many legs it has, to win the respect and admiration of millions of fellow beings.

Having been without it for so long dogs may tend to over-use the wonderful gift of speech when they get it. Be prepared for your dog to talk all the time, repeating what the weather forecaster said the weather was going to be to-day, making little comments on everything that comes to his attention—remarking of the United Nations building that it is a very high yet flat-looking building, isn't it? Or that Shakespeare certainly wrote quite a number of plays. If this goes on long enough you may find yourself barking.

All in all, it would be best to accustom

ourselves to the probability that the new era of dog speech, in which dogs are going to shout us down, kibitz, make wounding remarks, tell lies and be offended if we do not believe them, is probably not going to be a very happy one for humans. I remember that in

ancient Ethiopia dogs got the upper hand to such an extent that it was customary to elect a dog as prime minister. People the dog made signs of not liking were executed, exiled, tortured or at best socially ostracized. And that was before dogs could even speak.

The Graceful Nose

"THE missile has a graceful pointed nose."

That's nice—but it is not enough for me.

I wish that it were moulded like a rose

And painted like an avocado tree:

The lovely object fascinates me so

I'd spend another million quid on Space:

I'd let the grandest artists have a go

And make it worthy of the British race.

Let there be flags and flowers at the stern,

And "Love from Britain" printed on its thigh,

So that the planets miss a step and turn

To see the little beauty passing by.

And just before the bloody thing explodes

Let Golden Rain illuminate the night,

That all men, goggling from the roofs and roads,

May murmur "Ooo!" and die in high delight.

A. P. H.

Rhymes for the Riots

The poets comment on the racial disturbances

SONG

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the fierce tornado's rages;
Thou thy seaborne voyage hast done,
Here art come to earn thy wages:
Coloured lads and girls all will
Unwisely come to Notting Hill.

Shakespeare

☆

LUCINDY

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea:
Nottingham! I knew not till then
What thou could'st do to me.

"Twill pass, that melancholy brawl,
Nor will I quit thy shore
Until I choose; for 'spite of all,
I earn here more and more.

Wordsworth

☆

CARPE DIEM

GATHER ye boy-friends while ye may;
The bottles still are flying,
And this dark beau that smiles to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

Herrick

☆

JAMAICAN LOVE SONG

SHALL I, with black curly hair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with woe
Each time the 'Teddies tell me "Blow"?

George Wither

☆

TO A MAN

I'M truly sorry man's Dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy Caribbean companion
An' fellow-mortal.

Burns

THE POOR BLACK BOY

O SAY what is that thing called Right
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the White?
O tell your poor black boy!

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
Your peace of mind disfigure;
While thus I sing I am a king
Although I'm but a nigger.

Wordsworth

☆

SIR GALATED

MY good blade carves the masks of men,
My trusty chopper hacks;
My gang must have a strength of ten
Before I fight the blacks.

Tennyson

☆

A SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

MY landlord and the neighbours all
Take aim at me and sally
Forth to their riots; but not me,
Not even to the Palais.
But when I've saved enough to wed
My little bit of heaven,
We'll live in peace until we're dead—
But not in West Eleven.

Henry Carey

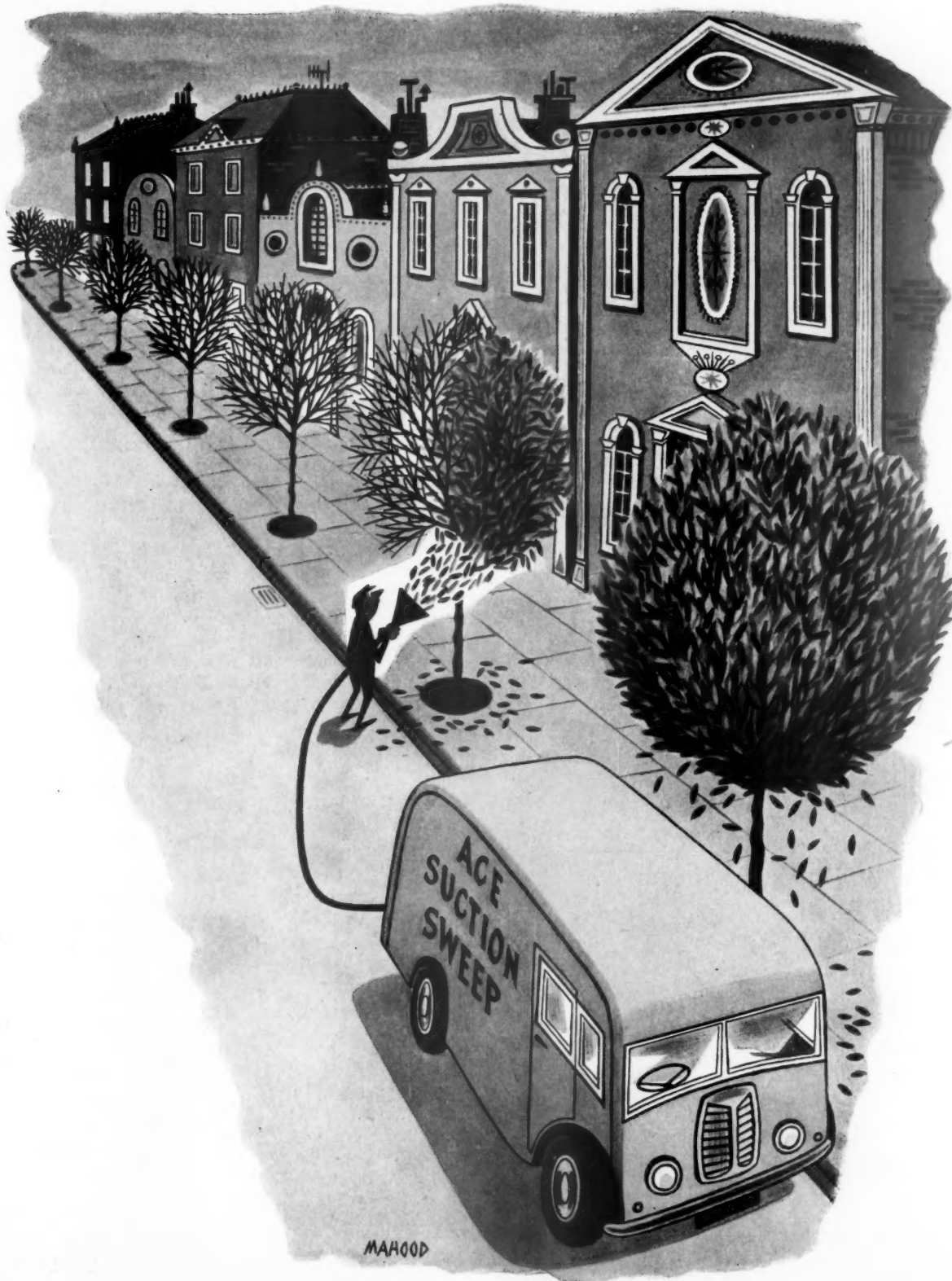
☆

WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

WITH rue my heart is laden
For teenage friends I had,
For many a rose-nail'd maiden
And many a knife-arm'd lad.

Now cops too wide for gammon
Have pinched each lightfoot chick;
And Mr. Justice Salmon
Has put them in the nick.

A. E. Housman

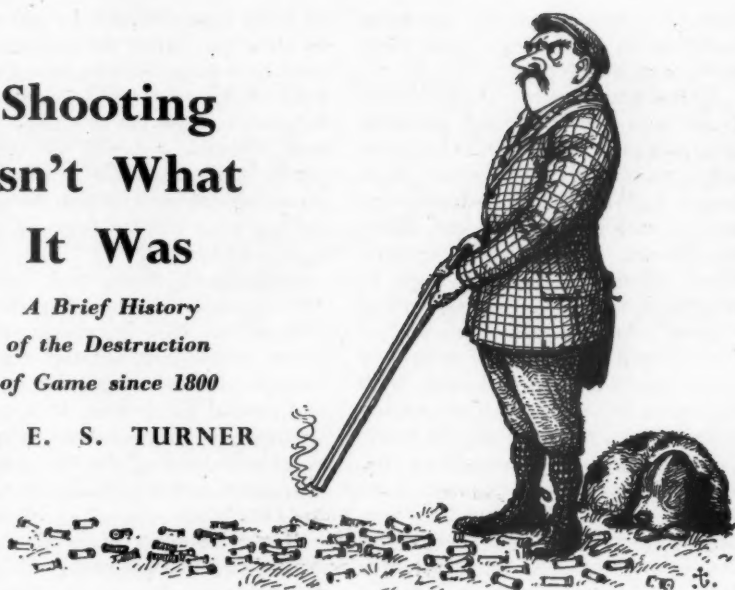




Shooting Isn't What It Was

*A Brief History
of the Destruction
of Game since 1800*

By E. S. TURNER



BEFORE it was poulticed with concrete, deloused with chemicals, shaved by machinery and flayed by excavators, the broad bosom of England supported copious game. A century and a half ago it was a bosky land, with marshes full of wildfowl, cornfields jostling with partridges, and magical coverts stuffed with pheasants, man-traps, spring-guns, dog-spears, booby traps and wooden pigeons which exploded when touched.

Occasionally, for good measure, a salvo of glass marbles and clay balls whistled through the branches as a disciple of Colonel George Hanger fired a random broadside against poachers from the six-pounder mounted on the roof of his mansion.

The game so zealously preserved was privileged to be shot in due season, not as yet by maharajahs and midshipmen but by plethoric gentlemen who, unlike mere poachers, loved the thing they slew. No trigger-happy syndicates from the cities ravaged cocks, hens and

cheepers impartially. The squire might invite guests to his shoot, but he did not charge them a hundred guineas a gun. You could search the *Morning Post* in vain for advertisements beginning "Forty stags, 2,000 brace grouse, 250 wild fowl, lodge with 15 bedrooms, two bathrooms . . ."

According to a contemporary of Colonel Hanger, the Reverend William Daniel, the shooting of wild game was a pastime which neither polluted the manners nor corrupted the mind, but instead served to counteract the polished effeminacy of the day. Interception of birds on the wing was a new sport, for as Mr. Daniel explained in his *Rural Sports* (1801): "In the reign of Charles I no person *shot flying*; what is now termed poaching was the gentleman's recreation; and so late as within sixty years an individual who exercised that art was considered as performing something extraordinary and many persons requested to attend his excursions that they might be eye-witnesses of it."

A gentleman (it has been said) is one who has no wish to indulge in the pleasures of the lower orders. This new game of tumbling birds from the sky, for servants or dogs to pick up, could be performed by a well-bred individual without the loss of dignity incurred by grubbing about with nets and traps. Besides, it was more fun than discharging a pistol at a weathercock.

The rules of the sport were not as yet

fully formulated, and the Rev. William Daniel was one of those who helped to mould sporting opinion. He had no admiration for such feats as that performed by Prince Lichtenstein and eleven companions, who in 1797 killed 39,000 pieces of game, mostly hares and partridges, in fourteen hours. Nor did Mr. Daniel approve the zeal of a Mr. Coke, described as the best shot in England, who killed 726 partridges in five days. "Surely," he wrote, "the number of discharges must deafen the operator . . . Mr. Coke is so capital a marksman that, as he inflicts death whenever he pulls the trigger, he should in mercy forbear such terrible examples of his skill."

The object of the exercise, in Mr. Daniel's view, was not to blow a bird to bits as soon as it lifted from the stubble but to allow it to reach a "proper range" before opening fire. He despised the shooting of pigeons from traps (much practised for wagers by military gentlemen) as wanton barbarity. As an example of a howling cad, though he did not use that expression, Mr. Daniel cited the behaviour of a gentleman who used to boast that he never shot fewer than twenty-five brace of partridges on September 1. Once, to fulfil his boast, he took late-hatched birds that could scarcely fly, tied their legs together, hung them up and peppered them. Mr. Daniel thought no more highly of those who shot swifts and swallows when on the turn, since at that moment they were stationary targets.

The uneasy boundary between gentleman and poulterer, between sport and slaughter, was further charted by Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hawker, a forthright Peninsular veteran who published his *Instructions to Young Sportsmen* in 1816. He heartily disliked the type of shot who boasted of not having missed a bird all day. The question was: how many birds *should* he have



tried to shoot? A man who missed now and then was not necessarily an inferior marksman; the good sportsman preferred to try a difficult shot rather than an easy one. It was open to the sure shot to retort that whereas he fired to kill, the man who attempted a tricky shot often merely succeeded in wounding.

Colonel Hawker did not favour arming keepers with shot-guns, since they would be tempted to shoot their masters' game on the sly. If poachers were giving trouble, he recommended that keepers should patrol with nothing more lethal than pistols, sabres, bludgeons and fierce dogs. A better plan was to seek out the pothouses in which known poachers congregated and set one or two old poachers to watch front and back doors until the gang set off on their errand. They could then be caught in the act instead of being allowed to ravage the coverts first. Similarly, the owner of a shoot was advised to have

wagoners and coachmen—notorious traffickers in other men's game—kept under surveillance.

Unfortunately there were gentlemen poachers as well as common poachers, and these could not be handled as summarily as rogues and tenants. Each keeper had a document empowering him to take and seize "guns, bows, greyhounds, setting dogs, lurchers, ferrets, trammels, lowbells, hays or other nets, hare-pipes, snares or other engines," but he was often shy of flourishing it in the face of persons of higher social status. Squires were advised to drill their men into learning some such sentence as this by heart: "Sir, by order of my master, Mr. —, who is the occupier of this land, I am directed to forbid all persons from trespassing on it; and I accordingly forbid you from trespassing on it." Says Hawker: "Let every servant be taught to say the above as regularly as a Catholic would repeat his breviary." Muttering this speech, the keeper would go out to patrol his mined coverts; but on meeting an arrogant stranger—perhaps an officer from a nearby garrison—he would mumble some less effective formula of his own.

The journey to the grouse moors of the north was one that only the most dedicated sportsman could contemplate. It was necessary to book a seat on a mail coach months before the shooting season opened. Firearms were unpopular inside the coach, prohibited on the roof and liable to damage in the boot. There were suitable places for carrying guns, but only by paying an extortionate fee to the coachman. Not the least discomfort of the journey might be the odour emanating from a large bale thrust in the boot, with many a wink and a nod, at the last minute. This would be a resurrected body on its way to the Edinburgh anatomy schools.

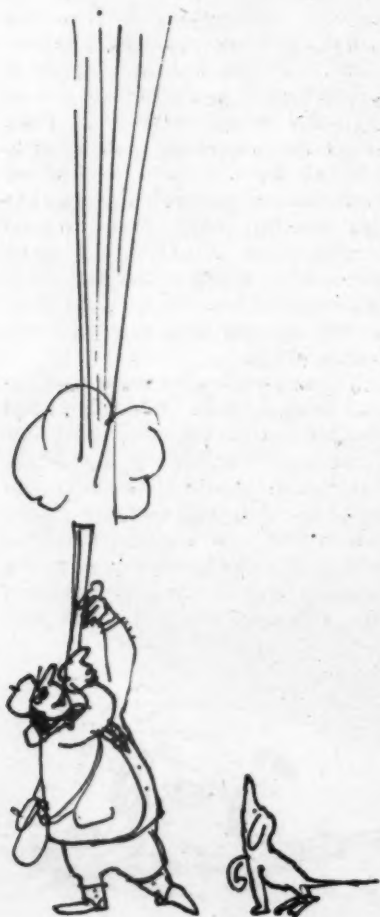
For the more precious gentlemen of fashion, a stay in a Highland pothouse, with its wooden berths, peat fires and oatcakes, and with nothing on which to get drunk except adulterated liquors, was a desolating experience; but the discomforts were no worse than those which faced wealthy hypochondriacs at Scots mountain spas. The sportsman who took Colonel Hawker's advice and bought supplies of food and medicines at the last town of call could mitigate the worst miseries. The beer

he could make drinkable by adding salt of tartar (to correct the sourness) and nutmeg or ginger (to take away the foul taste). The safest spirit to order was rum, since it was not so easily adulterated; it could be turned into tolerable punch by the admixture of lemons. A recommended breakfast was the yolk of an egg with powdered ginger and a teaspoon of rum.

Before each shoot there was the ritual of powder-drying to be performed. The callous left the grains virtually frying on the hob, but the more circumspect heated a succession of plates and poured the powder from one to another. The ultra-cautious forbore to do this in front of the fire, but kept running in and out of the room with their hot plates.

If the amenities of Scotland were poor at least the sport was good (always supposing that the rascally gunsmith in London had not scoured out the barrel of the gun with emery in order to stimulate trade). Even if the right crowd was not always there, there was no crowding. In the neighbourhood of English towns it was another story. The wise sportsman concealed his guns and dogs as he drove through the streets, for fear every townsman with a gun should decide to follow him to his beat. If setting out on horseback, he was advised to ride out of the town in the direction opposite to that in which his sport lay and then to double back over the fields to his real objective.

Rheumatism (from wet moors),



beetle, hooded crows, vindictive midges, impossibly wild birds and the audacities of poachers. The student of these dispatches can only marvel that any grouse were shot at all.

In fact many of the birds which were rushed south on the twelfth were caught by non-sportsmen in nets. These hardy individuals, often described as legalized poachers, would hire strips of heather on which birds from neighbouring shoots were accustomed to feed, or could be induced to feed. In 1900 one moor was guarded with nearly two thousand nets covering twelve miles of ground—enough to capture all the grouse in Britain. Some of the netted birds were captured alive and sold to owners of shoots who wished to introduce new blood. Other poaching tricks which provoked complaint were the luring of grouse by "becking," or imitating the mating call and then potting the amorous bird as it descended; and even fishing for grouse with raisins suspended on fish-hooks.

The sport of shooting inspired a good deal more all-round acrimony than it does now. Since about 1840 the practice of driving birds over the guns, instead of walking them up or shooting over dogs, had been slowly developed. It was a device made necessary by the growing wariness and wildness of the hunted, deprived as they were of much of their former shelter.

By the turn of the century driving was conducted on military lines and the

big estates were yielding ever-growing bags of pheasants and partridges; so much so that sometimes fire had to be stopped to let the barrels cool. Colonel Hawker and the Rev. William Daniel would have shaken their heads at those photographs of judges, cabinet ministers and princelings posing in front of ramparts of meat. The press, slow to appreciate the sportsman's point of view, began to write of massacres, then of holocausts and hecatombs, words which once used are hard to give up. They also spoke of *battues*, in the hope of stigmatizing game drives as un-English. There was a popular, if erroneous, notion that hand-reared pheasants were shot down as they pecked at food set out for them.

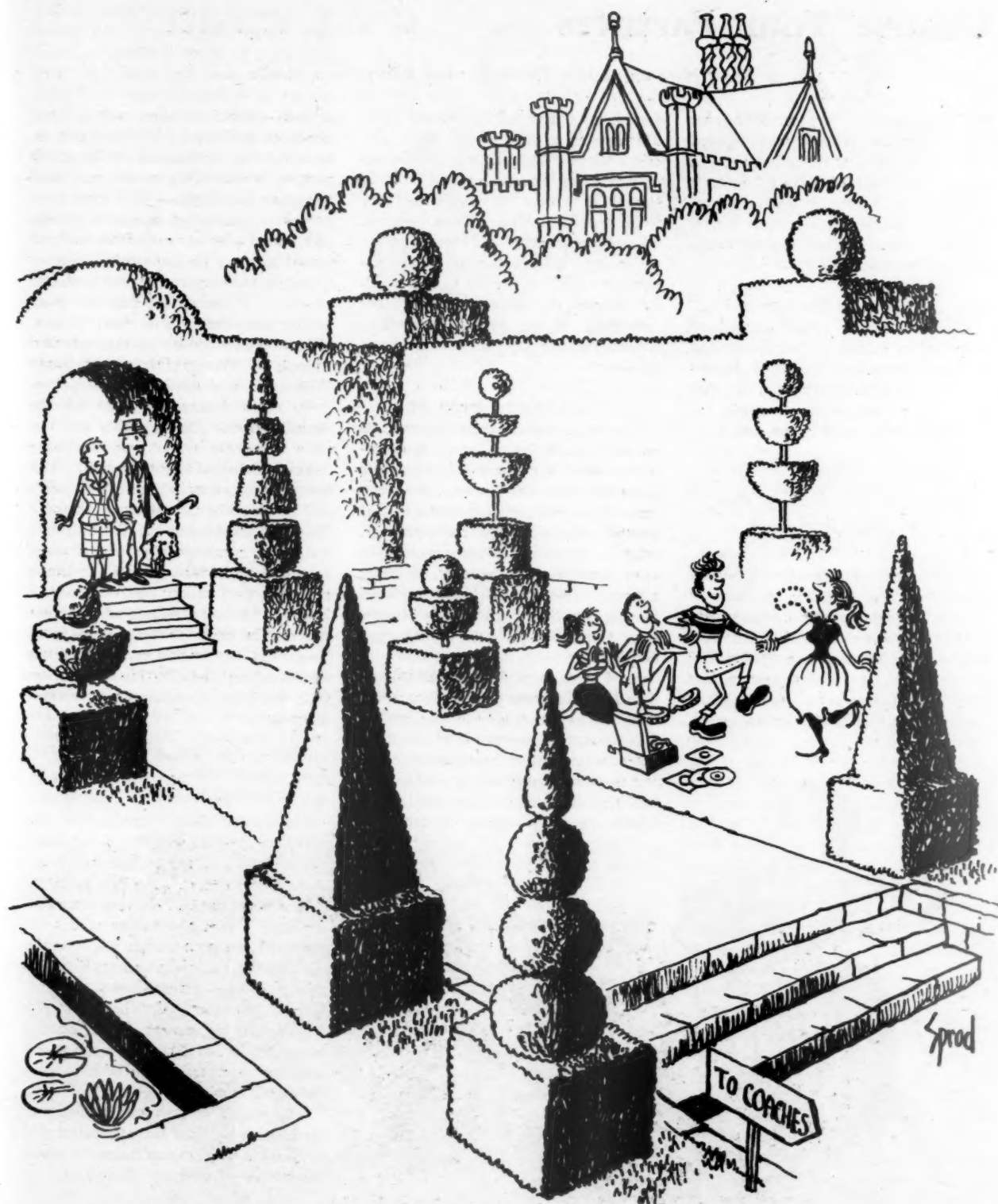
Until late in the nineteen-twenties there were sacrificial endeavours to maintain Edwardian shooting standards on the big estates. But the house parties dwindled in magnificence and game began to dribble from the sky by the pound rather than thud by the hundred-weight. An estate agent with a moor, castle and yacht anchorage had to work harder to earn his commission. The railway companies which in 1888 had ruthlessly speeded up their schedules in order to catch the traffic to the moors now offered sportsmen a pampered ride over "vibrationless articulated bogies." But a chill economic wind was ruffling the heather. Taxation, death duties, division of estates, afforestation and intensive agriculture, not to mention

the growing scarcity of crowned heads, all combined to end an overblown era. Increasingly, landlords who could not dispose of their rights to rich men invited "shooting guests" at so much per gun, sometimes stipulating "guns must be gentlemen," or handed them over to syndicates and, as the saying goes, cried all the way to the bank.

To-day the hedges and fields are cropped shorter than ever. Reactors and pylons and television masts stud the moors. Around the graceless conurbations a good rough shoot grows steadily harder to find. In the popular press shooting is no longer news, except on those occasions when it is discovered that innocent soldiers have been employed as beaters ("ALL WERE VOLUNTEERS," SAYS C.O.). Even the sportsman who has a standing order to supply a New York night-club with one hundred brace of grouse shot on the twelfth (the birds being flown from Prestwick) cannot expect headlines every year.

But the sport still has its powerful props. If a landlord finds that his game stocks are dwindling, if he wants advice on vermin control or wishes the potentialities of his estate to be surveyed, he has but to summon experts from the famous firm from which he buys his cartridges. They will do their utmost to breed healthy targets for him. The wicked armament kings of old never did anything like that to improve the breed of the infantryman.





"Oh no—NOT in the Formal Garden."

Choose Your Partners

By R. G. G. PRICE

A Short Note on picking Husbands and Wives from Fiction

THE *Sunday Times* correspondence about desirable husbands and wives among the characters in novels could not of course go much further than a cautious balancing of Darcy and Rochester, Elizabeth Bennet and Becky Sharp. There is more to the subject than that.

IS MARRIAGE DESIRABLE?

This preliminary question has been answered by Life in the affirmative but by Literature with considerable hesitation. There is no blinking the fact that there is a misogynist tradition, as forthrightly expressed in the verse:

*"False is the snake that hisses,
Or a whining beggar's call,
But the maid that smiles and kisses,
Is the falsest thing of all."*

A. H. Gilkes, M.A.

It is true that these uncharitable lines (from *Boys and Masters: A Story of School Life*) were written by a character in the story who resigned from the staff because the School sent a crew to Henley; but the sentiment they express is one that too often gets into print. After all, the custom of falling in love is far, as yet,

from being one with Nineveh and Tyre. Marriage is a good thing when discriminating. With Emma Woodhouse it might be admirable; but nobody should be so mad keen on it that they would consider taking on Dora Spenlow. The desire to marry Lord Peter Wimsey, of course, is evidence of gross abnormality. Fancy having to live up to the memory of Harriet Vane, with her knowledge of the minor Elizabethan lyricists and her poise in the condemned cell!

WHAT NOT TO JUDGE BY

It is no good picking the dream mate on physical prowess: Tarzan is essentially a fiancé, not a husband. Romantic allure is equally soft-wearing. A woman cannot grow old just on memories. She wants a man who stays romantic and, what is more, she wants a man who stays romantic in the eyes of other women. This makes picking difficult. How do you decide whether Ivanhoe or Beau Geste are going to last or grow dowdy?

Even money is not a reliable test. The Forsytes knew plenty about piling it up but they never got the full spending value out of it in pounds of the flesh. Boudierby and Gradgrind made money but they would suit only a very specialized sort of woman. They might have suited fictional women better than

readers—Miss Murdstone, say, or Lord Emsworth's sister Lady Constance, or even Bulldog Drummond's old sparring partner Irma. You cannot see their attracting his Phyllis—"Her eyes were very blue; and great masses of golden hair curled over her ears, from under a small black hat. He glanced at her feet—being an old stager; she was perfectly shod." Winsomeness has an even weaker diagnostic value than money. Who would care to bet on the autumnal charms of Wendy Darling or Snow White or any of the March family?

So often Literature omits all the essential facts. The desirable qualities in a mate are those desirable in a light-of-love plus domestic skill. The heroine's voice may be like a nightingale's and her hair like corn-stooks, if the hero likes corn-stooks, but she may still turn out to be a woman who panics when friends drop in for a meal while she is running the larder down before a holiday. Instead of telling you whether the girl is likely to bring variety to invalid cookery or talk of retiring from housekeeping when her husband retires from business, all Literature gives you to go on is:

*"Boldly she sings, to the merry tune
she marches,
Brave is her shape."*

No woman should choose her life partner simply on willingness to please, even though this rise to frenzy—"I will make you brooches . . . of bird-song" or "I will make thee . . . a belt of straw and ivy-buds." Nor should the reader lay too much stress on anxiety to please the girl's family, though sometimes in novels this goes to extraordinary lengths. Gerard Eliasson, the hero of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, first effected a lodgment in his Margaret's heart by teaching her father to drink soup through a straw.

The reader of novels must learn to distinguish between the ephemeral and the solid in weighing up the matrimonial advantages of different characters.

EXAMPLES OF EPHEMERAL CHARMS

(a) *Dimensions*: The brawny shrink with age. John Ridd was notable in



Traits to Watch—1. Miss DODDS

"... as she concluded, her delicate hand came sweeping out with a heaven-taught gesture of large and sovereign cordiality."—*Hard Cash*

youth—Judge Jeffreys remarked on seeing him for the first time, "And faith, it would be hard to miss thee, even with harpoon"—but what would John Ridd have weighed at eighty?

(b) *Expression*: Mr. Keith said to Denis in *South Wind*, "You look like a boy who is fond of flowers." Flower-loving readers might easily be trapped into thinking that Denis was their cup of tea, but it was probably a fleeting expression because the real flower-lover is to be found squatting among the weeds up north, not looking elegantly amused on a Mediterranean island.

(c) *Freckles*: On the whole these vanish as youth recedes. Winston Smith's Julia in *Nineteen Eighty-four* had them: "A bold-looking girl, of about twenty-seven, with thick, black hair, a freckled face, and swift, athletic movements. A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist of her overalls, just tightly enough to bring out the shapeliness of her hips."

WORKING BACKWARDS

In considering the kind of mate you want it is important to bear in mind the kind you don't. The woman who dreams of the pleasures of life with sleuths like Appleby, or the rather different type of woman who dotes on Poirot, ignores the lack of information about their parents. She does not know what kind of in-laws she is risking. Marlowe looks to me at the moment as though he might suddenly swing right



Traits to Watch—2. JOHN RIDD

"I had worked myself up, as I always do, in the manner of heavy men; growing hot like an ill-washed wheel revolving, though I start with a cool axle."—Lorna Doone

round and reform and then he might become whatever the Californian equivalent of a churchwarden is.

There is the further snag that parents-in-law are traditional evidence for the probable future development of their children. If you do not know what the mother is like how can you be safe with the daughter? At twenty she may be quite unlike her later self. What would Mrs. Proudie have been like when young? She might have been a sharp-tongued Susan Nipper type or more like the heroine of *Daddy Long-legs*. She might have been another Clara Middleton, who "had money and health and beauty . . . she was the true ideal, fresh-gathered morning fruit in a basket, warranted by her bloom . . . Her features were playfellows of one another."

PROBLEMS OF PARENTHOOD

If you are picking not only a wife but a future mother, do not believe that by choosing Jane Eyre you would have a governess in the family and could economize on education.

The merest suggestion that she should teach the children would make her see red; it would be like marrying a seamstress and giving her piles of mending. (There are similar parallels with other characters—Sadie Thompson, for instance.)

What you want to look out for is the kind of woman who does not neglect her husband for her children and does not neglect her children in any way that causes trouble to her husband. Some of Miss Compton-Burnett's governesses might make quite passable mothers. They might, on the other hand, be slightly uncomfortable as wives.

Fatherhood needs not so much ability to teach the boy to fish as willingness to earn a solid income and not stick to much of it. To the reader looking for a father for her children heavy smokers like Sherlock Holmes, wine-bibbers like Charles Ryder in *Brideshead Revisited* and philanthropists like the Cheeryble Brothers are contra-indicated. Similarly, the girl who hitches her dream-wagon to the star of Rupert of Hentzau may be laying up a sticky future for Junior.

THE UNEXPECTED

The Victorian reader rather liked an ideal type who resembled the girls around him but were even more like dimpled angels. He wanted something tender and laughing, someone like his mother but a bit less strong on discipline. The modern reader, on the other hand, is more attracted to the idea of a spouse who widens his or her own experience.



Traits to Watch—3. AGNES WICKFIELD

"That face so full of pity, and grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand raised towards Heaven."—David Copperfield



Traits to Watch—4. PETER WIMSEY

"It amused Lord Peter to lead the simple life at Kirkcudbright."—*The Five Red Herring*s

We think nowadays of the ideal couple as being two complementary opposites rather than identical twins. The stay-at-home business man might like to consider Miss Jenny, who sent a message by albatross which was found by Fritz Robinson. When he went to search for her he found her in a tree. This so overcame him that he introduced her to the rest of his Swiss family as Lord Edward Montrose. The stay-at-home business girl might pick James Bond, especially if she had a frustrated dream of being a nurse in a Casualty Department. The globe-trotting girl would probably prefer one of those almost over-localized characters, like Joe Gargery or Pinkie.

The girl who likes the unexpected within a framework of the predictable might well try Hornblower. He is very human and very eminent and his life alternates between periods on shore and periods at sea. His deep consciousness of his failures of nerve and integrity would simply make him seem cuddly to any woman worthy of him. The trouble would be his vast knowledge of technicalities, yet women married to motor-ing enthusiasts have to get up the internal combustion engine so I do not see why the new Lady Hornblower should not master naval architecture, gunnery and tactics, at any rate to O level.

Another seafaring man who would provide an interesting test of character for a keen bride is Captain Ahab. He shows great persistence, which is a quality women admire. His language might be a little heavily charged, but his employer pointed out he had been "in

colleges as well as 'mongst cannibals." He added "He was never very jolly," which would suit the quieter sort of wife, the Esther Summerson type. On the other hand he would always have placed a woman below a whale, which would not have done for proud beauties, the Diana of the Crossways or Scarlett O'Hara type. He was not a man to let himself be divorced easily, and I imagine that many wives would be reduced to trying to do him in. Unfortunately he would be too seasoned to make an easy victim for the poisoner, and long years of living with danger would make him alert to dodge the nuptial knife. Poetic fitness would suggest that the appropriate murder weapon is the harpoon, although in the small, weatherboarded houses where sea-captains live there is little room for a long cast. Purely from the point of efficiency in attaining widowhood the wife for him would be Clytemnestra.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE

I do not know how prepared to make the best of things *Sunday Times* readers generally are. If they pick a heroine who turns out to be a liability are they prepared to cure her character defects with loving care? To take an extreme case, assume the reader had joined one of those Eastern sects that treat marriage as a blind date. When he took the wrappings off and found he had drawn Dido or Elizabeth the German gardener would he sit down and train her patiently towards his ideal of matrimony or would he cut loose from any wife likely to hamper him promotionwise?

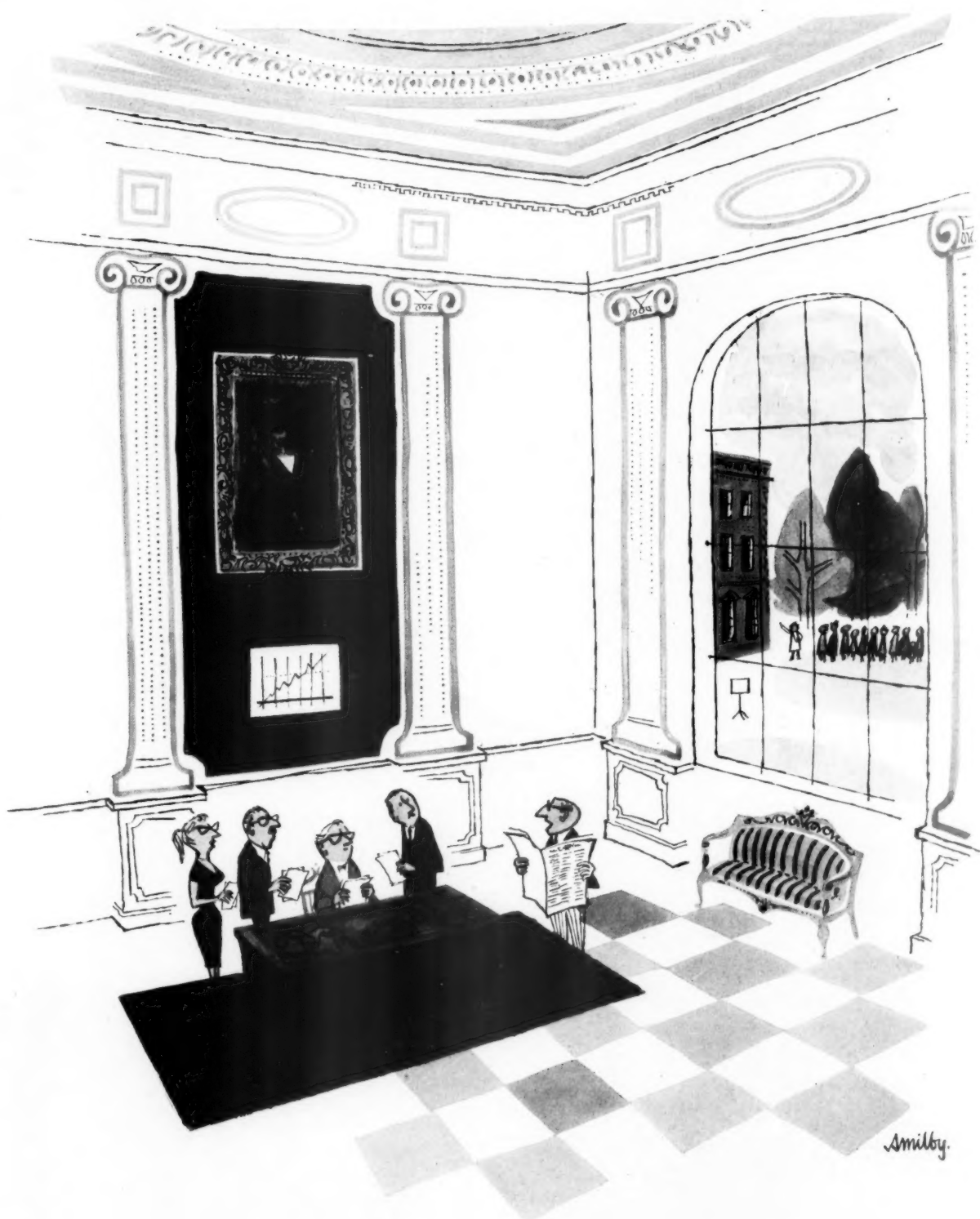
EXAMPLE OF WORSE

La Belle Dame Sans Merci fed her lover on "roots of relish sweet, And honey wild and manna dew," and, I firmly believe, would have fed a visiting Personnel Manager on the same. When the lover set her on his pacing steed, as a lady she probably sat side-saddle. The lover reports "sideways would she lean, and sing a faery's song." This must mean she sang either between the horse's ears or out over its tail. No, she was not a woman to make her husband look sound to his Board.

ONE MAN'S MATE—

Personally, I dither between different types of heroine, changing with the weather. To-day is rather dull and I am much attracted by Julia Hazeltine in *The Wrong Box*. She is the best of Stevenson's tremendously modern girls. She was slim and had a very pretty little ankle and a revolver which she had bought when she had to sleep by herself for a night or two at the family house in Bloomsbury. She made her own dresses and she sketched and she was perfectly sweet with her boring old guardian Uncle Joseph. She listened patiently to his endless discourses, and this I find a very strong point in her favour. She was apt to enjoy seeing poor Gideon Forsyth get into scrapes, but she laughed at him only a little; just as well probably, as when she did "she rolled her mirthful descant with the freedom and melody of a blackbird's song upon the river."

On other days, days that are gayer and more golden, I incline to more sombre fare, like Rosa Dartle. She may not strike you as being *prima facie* nubile but she fulfils one matrimonial requirement: she contrasts with the environment. When the weather is good and the birds are trilling in my heart I do not need entertainment value in my wife so much as drive. The Dartle's wonderful intensity, transferred to me from Steerforth, would not give me a kittenish cushion to relax on but it would push me towards success. I should tear my eyes away from the cloudless sky and the shadows on the bright grass and work like hell. Once I had reached the top I might not keep her on the strength, I fear, unless she were prepared to go shares in me with the little Hazeltine, one emerging in dull weather and the other in bright.



"I see Ludley Castle is for sale, your Grace—it might perhaps make a profitable Southern Branch."



"I always thought Maisie would make good."

Toby Competitions

No. 35—Deterrent Dinner

COMPETITORS are asked to design a menu of non-poisonous food to be served to guests whose hosts wish them to refuse future invitations. In addition, a recipe for one dish should be given. Total length of menu and recipe not to exceed one hundred and fifty words. The aim should be the production of subtle discouragement rather than nausea.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom right-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, October 3, to TOBY COMPETITION, No. 35, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 32

(Heraldic design)

Competitors were asked to suggest a heraldic design and motto for a unified command of the three services. The number of entries was above average but the satire was disappointing. Several designs were based on the Manx coat of arms, indicating that each service was

kicking the other around. Those who submitted the complete achievement recommended supporters ranging from back benchers reclinant through taxpayers simple to a cup of tea NAAFI.

The winner was:

COMMANDER ROBERT T. BOWER, R.N.
CARLTON CLUB
LONDON, S.W.1

An artist has drawn his impression of the design but it must lose some value through not being reproduced in colour. His full description is:

Quarterly: 1st sable, a foul anchor argent, a chief of augmentation wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea from which issuant H.M.S. *Victory* in full sail, all proper.

2nd or, a lion passant guardant gules, armed and langued azure, bearing a sword erect proper, a chief azure, thereon a stricken field from which issuant erect the banner of St. George, all proper.

3rd argent, a falcon wings hovering sable, bearing a rocket-missile proper, on a chief indented azure a fighter-plane proper, on a canton sable a mullet argent.

4th or, three men's hearts gules.

Supporters: dexter, a sailor of the Royal Navy in blue working-rig, proper. sinister, a soldier in battle-dress, proper. Crest: issuant from an astral crown or,



a demi-airman in service-dress proper, on his dexter wrist an eagle, wings elevated, breathing fire, all proper. Motto: *Tria juncta in uno.*

The rocket motif appeared in only a few entries. An entry from K. R. Dawkins, c/o Worobec, 28 Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh 8, included in the shield an atomic mushroom and NAAFI buns semé of currants, with a Janus-headed politician as one supporter and two rolled umbrellas in saltire as the crest. The mantling to be ten miles of tape gules.

The Very Reverend Canon John P. Murphy, St. James's, Abbey Ruins, Reading, Berks., suggested a sealandair as the basis, this heraldic beast having the head and tail of a dolphin, wings of an eagle and the body of a regimental goat.

D. J. McKay, 171 Mill Way, Bushy, Herts., proposed:

Arms. On a field azure a saltire gules charged with crossed swords proper. In chief an eagle proper claspings in each foot a bolt of lightning, or. In pile a porpoise proper claspings in its mouth a sheet anchor with cable both proper. Charged on the honour point, the Crown of England proper.

Crest. A Lion rampant gules with mane or.

Motto. We fight as one to defend our Realm.

The Rev. R. St. John Battersby, Chittoe Vicarage, Chippenham, Wilts., devised a naval coronet on a pile in chief between a fireball to the dexter and a thunderbolt out of a cloud to the sinister: the crest to be a demi-falcon displayed crowned with a naval coronet, holding in the beak a battle axe.

Book tokens have been sent to all runners-up mentioned.

CHESTNUT GROVE

This is another folk-joke that owes its origin to a drawing by Du Maurier in *Punch*.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY

The Professor (who has just come back from the North Pole). "—AND THE FAUNA OF THESE INHOSPITABLE REGIONS IS AS POOR AS THE FLORA! YOU COULDN'T NAME A DOZEN ANIMALS WHO MANAGE TO LIVE THERE."

Mrs. Malapert. "OH—I DARE SAY I COULD!"

The Professor. "REALLY—WHAT ARE THEY?"

Mrs. Malapert. WELL, NOW—FIVE POLAR BEARS, LET US SAY, AND SEVEN SEALS!"

July 20, 1895

The Menace of the Micks

By FRANK SHAW

"I HOPE there'll be no trouble tomorra, boss."

"Why should there be, MacShane? Been a quiet enough trip up to now."

"It's easy seein' you're new here."

I reminded him that I had been a chief steward for three years. "And I was a Second, like yourself, for ten years before that."

"How d'you think you got this job? You'd never been on the East run before. Always Western Ocean. And why did Mr. Paterson before you pack his hand in so sudden after on'y one thrip? Because of this desperate crowd a Micks in the kitchens."

"They seem a well-behaved crowd to me. Finegan, the butcher—"

"A holy terror!"

"Laferty, the baker. The captain was delighted with that cake he made for the young actress's birthday."

"Laferty's the ringleader."

"Well, then, Byrne in the pantry. Studious type. Always reading."

"And what's he readin'? All about Oliver Cromwell and the Black an' Tans an' the so-called atrocities." MacShane is Irish himself, but from the Right Part.

"Up to now, MacShane, I have had nothing to complain of."

He muttered as he moved to the door. "The can always cod an' Englishman."

He turned. "D'you know what day it is tomorra?" It was nearly midnight so I tore a leaf off the calendar.

"Seventeenth of March," I noted. "What of it?"

"God help your head," he said. "Ut's easy seein' you've never sailed out a Liverpool before. Or Glasgow either. Ut's Paddy's Day. What they call the feast a St. Patrick, God forgive um. An' d'you know what happened—one a the tings—last Paddy's Day? Why Mr. Paterson resigned? Byrne is in his panthry and doesn't he overhear a couple of Czechoslovakians talkin' to one another, in their own language mind you, and for no reason he takes it into his head they're runnin' down the Pope and he thries to fight the pair uv thum. That's the studious type. The others is worse."

"Then we'll stop their drink."

"I stopped ut a week ago, boss. But haven't these fellas a private still in the Glory Hole? And don't say 'We'll search their quarters.' Didn't these fellas walk a whole sheep past two policemen and a custom-house officer last thrip in Birkenhead? That Byrne, he used to be a monk, lay brothers they call um. He gets pure alcohol from the dispenser, O'Toole his name is, and bullies the storekeeper out a fruit juices an' essences. The liqueurs he makes you couldn't tell from Benedictine or that Cointreau themselves, they tell me. Boss, put the whole bang lot in irons."

He departed muttering.

Everything seemed normal next

morning. No unusual noises. I thought I heard a sound like "Hurroo" from the butcher's shop about four o'clock.

The captain did mention that his tiger, O'Riley, had been late with his morning tea, and when the captain remonstrated with him he was told—at seven in the morning!—that "a dhrop uv the cratur" would do him a lot more good.

After breakfast MacShane panted into my cabin. "They're going to the passengers' swimming pool."

"There'll be no passengers there at this time of the morning."

"Except the Levine sisters." These were two young actresses who spent most of their day in tight bathing-suits; it was for one of these Laferty made the birthday-cake.

Gathered round the girls, festooned in greenery, was a hilarious group led by Finegan, singing "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me, Boys."

The sisters hailed us as old friends. I told them that the water at this time of year in tropical areas was dangerous. They said they were not going to swim and intended staying where they were. I said the men were out of bounds and there were captain's orders . . .

"Oh, the captain won't mind," said one. "He's a duck."

"What duty are these men on, MacShane?" I asked as I retreated.

"Most uv them have managed to be off duty or to get someone to do their jobs. Didn't you see the black eye Byrne's relief had in the panthry this morning?"

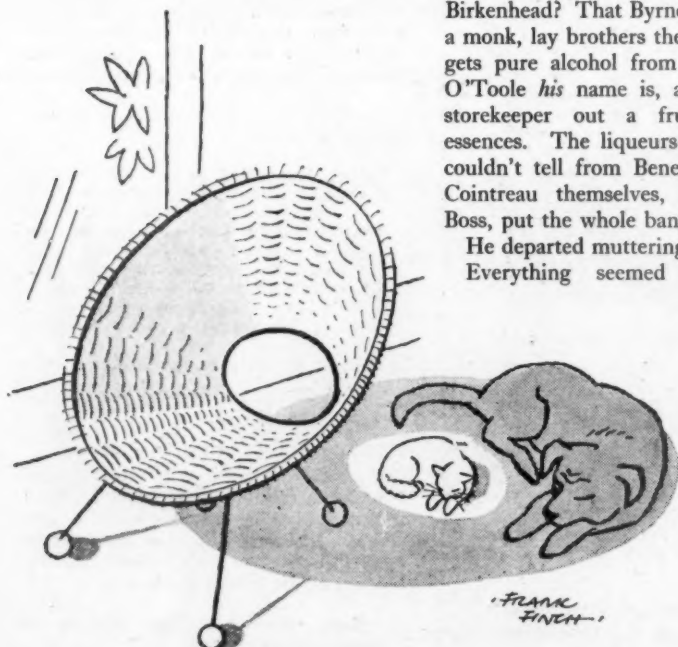
"So long as they don't take the girls in the Glory Hole."

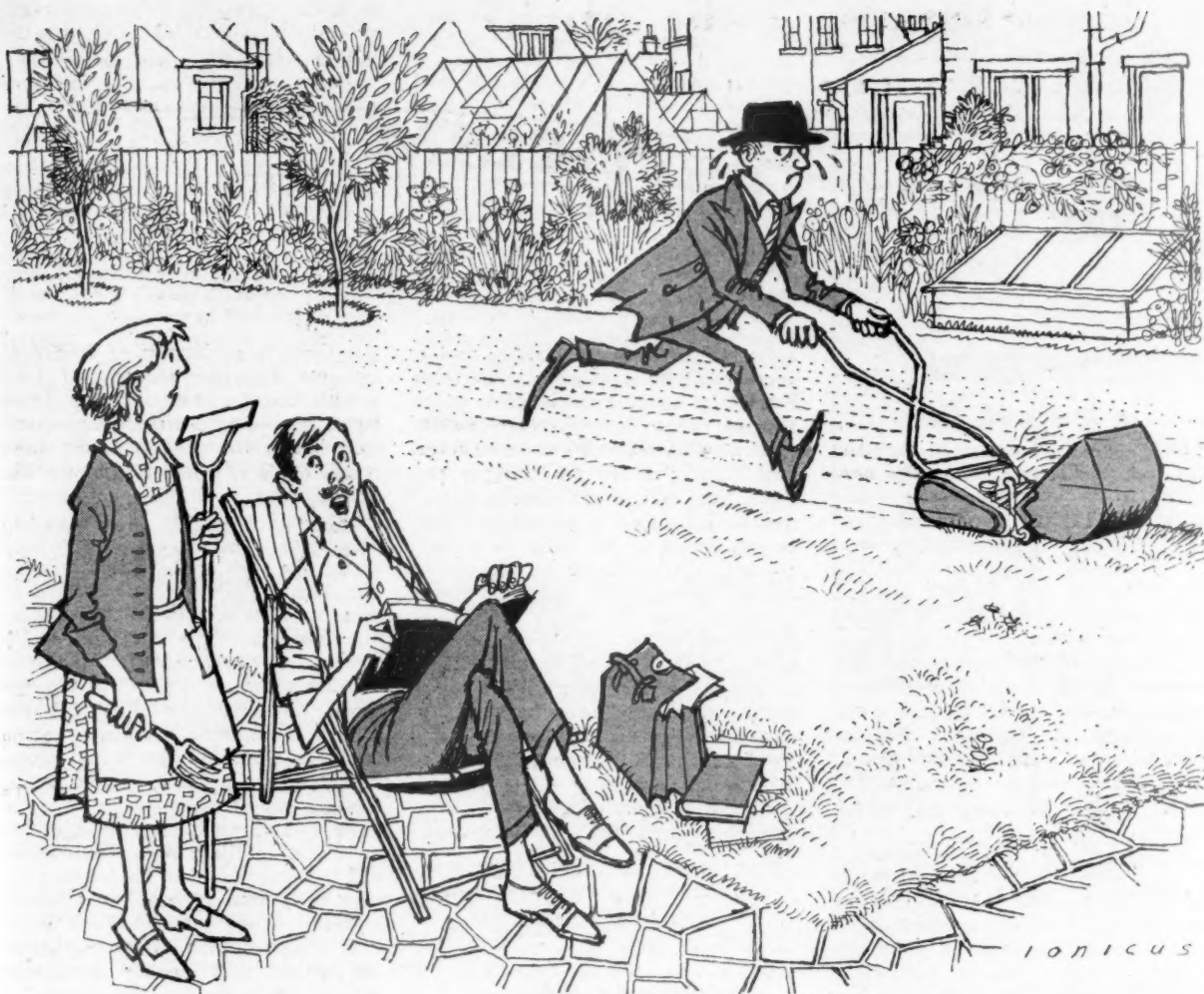
"Or the judies take thum to their cabins."

"Good heavens!"

They didn't do that; but they did plenty more. I couldn't be everywhere and I had no one on my side. It was unfortunate that MacShane was missing most of the day. When he was released from the ship's fridge, looking like a dead man, he came straight to me.

"I'll log the lot," I declared. "Shouting and disturbing people all day." Even now I could not recite all the details. I would never have believed it. The business of Laferty, for instance and the fire-extinguisher. The places they hung the shamrock. The shameful scene when there was no stew for lunch.





"He's selling me an encyclopædia."

"I bet they didn't interfere with the officers, boss?"

"The chief mate had three of them in his cabin for a drink."

"And him a Welshman!"

"It would have been no good going to the captain."

"And judging by last year the passengers would enjoy it."

They did. It was not just the Levine sisters with the bagpipes. A body of first class passengers had linked arms in the smoke room with a full-blooded African chief, in native garb, a model of dignity till this stage of the voyage, to sing "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?"

"And you know Major Wood-Dottle?"

"That fella! 'Steward, the only taim I'm given a hot plate is with the ice-cream.' Ay, do I know um!"

"Well, he and the other two stripped to the waist on the games deck and danced a jig."

"Not the Levine sisters, boss?"

"No, Byrne and Finegan."

"But the major's a director of the company!"

"As I say, it's best to forget it all, MacShane. It only comes once a year."

"Do you know what day ut is tomorra, boss?"

I reached towards the calendar.

"Don't tear it off, boss. We crossed the International Date Line going east an hour ago. It's the seventeenth of March again."

Old Pronunciation

A referendum on the French Constitution takes place on September 28

REPUBLICS? Now the way to end 'm Is to hold a referendum. No more on barricades do men die Just for want of referendi. So let's sing praises in crescendo To, or for, this referendo.

But, de Gaulle, though luck befriend a First attempt, ware referenda! A year or two of referendorum, And you will not raise a quorum Of Frenchmen who do not extend ice-Cold apathy to referendis.

PETER DICKINSON



BOOKING OFFICE

The Impossible Game

Rugby Football: An Anthology. Compiled by Kenneth Pelmeur. *Allen and Unwin*, 30/-

WRITING of an earlier anthology of games and the open air Mr. Ivor Brown complained that its editor, Mr. Bernard Darwin, had found nothing to include in it about Rugby football "as we know it." There was of course the account of that tiresome brawl from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, but of the modern game not a vestige. "The literature of our shorter, sharper and more skilful game," added Mr. Brown in explanation, "is small, which is at once a pity and a mystery."

It may be a pity, but it is scarcely a mystery. Rugby football is an extremely difficult game to write about. It is not more difficult than anything else to write round; the singing at Cardiff, the dusky unreality of that last ten minutes at Twickenham, the pleasures of a hot bath after the game—any competent writer can handle this "atmospheric" department. But to describe the game itself, a game, so that a living, moving, accurate picture emerges is another matter. The root of the trouble is that hardly any individual action is complete in itself, out of its context, apart from the pattern of the play as a whole.

Cricket poses no such problems. The writer can set his field at leisure, trundle the bowler up to the wicket, and then proceed with deliberation and many a rich Cardusian metaphor to limn the batsman's stroke. We require no further information about the slips or the bowler or the batsman at the other end in order to appreciate and share the majesty of a late cut. The great moments in Rugby football owe their greatness to the simultaneous movements of anything from three to a dozen men; the "individual" effort enraptures because it is carried out in such a crowd. In the flesh the

spectator's eyes are concentrated on the runner, but he is aware of much else besides: of a gap in the defence, or its absence; of the convergence of potential tacklers; of men coming across to cover farther back; of the proximity of the touch line; and of the relative movements, too, of men of the runner's own side in support. All these are factors affecting the greatness of the run—calling perhaps for half a dozen decisions from the runner himself in the course of his three-to-four-second effort. How is the writer to begin to convey any semblance of this intricate, shifting pattern? And if he were, by some miracle of expertise, to get all the detail in, what of the sweat, the grunts, the speed, the colour?

The present anthology proves conclusively enough that it can't be done.

NOVEL FACES



XXXV—GWYN THOMAS

With fiction more convincing than reality Thomas delights to tease the Principality.

But there is an interesting variety of attempts, from plain journalism ("Like a flash Candler was off, with Jones inside him to take a perfect pass and score under the posts") to Sir John Squire ("Curving in a long sweep like a flying gull"), through a welter of recollected occasions, reflections on players, plain fiction, and even plainer verse. At most of the fiction one can only blush. "Olva's body seemed so tiny on that vast field—two Dublin three-quarters came for him. He appeared to run straight into the arms of both of them and then was through them. They started after him. It was a race. Now there fell silence as the two men tore after the flying figure. Surely never, in the annals of Rugby football, had any one run as Olva ran then." Surely not. But there is this to be said for Hugh Walpole's hero, he had the grace to score his winning try with three minutes still to go before no-side. When John Buchan's Jaikie Galt, "five foot six inches in height and as slim as a wagtail," dived over in the corner to win the match for Scotland by a single point it was bang on time.

Twice only, perhaps, in this collection does a real game of Rugby football emerge. For fact, there is Mr. Denzil Batchelor's account—evocative, discursive, in part closely descriptive—of the England *versus* New Zealand match of 1925. In fiction, there is the match that Huw Morgan saw in Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley*. But Mr. Llewellyn had the sense to concentrate his attention on a maul, which is reasonably static; and a maul, what is more, that went on much longer than any modern referee would dream of tolerating.

Mr. Pelmeur casts his net pretty wide. It is a little surprising, if only for chronological reasons, to find Shakespeare in this gallery, and Addison and Sir Walter Scott. But the compiler has firmly resisted the temptation, usually fatal to anthologists, to begin with the Bible.

H. F. ELLIS

Doctor Zhivago. Boris Pasternak. Collins: Harvill Press, 21/-

There has been a great deal of fuss about this novel because it was released for translation during the post-Stalin loosening up in Russia; then hurriedly demanded back. However, holding tight to the manuscript, its Italian publisher has now been followed by others in producing a translation (here smoothly done by Max Hayward and Manya Harari), although the book itself has not yet appeared in Russia. Mr. Boris Pasternak (b. 1890) is a distinguished poet, philosopher and translator of Shakespeare into Russian. The story covers the last fifty years of Russian history: the central figure, Zhivago, a physician and poet, belonging to the Left Wing intelligentsia. We see the abortive revolution of 1905, the revolution of 1917 in which the Bolsheviks seized power from the Social-Democrats; all the horrors of famine and civil war, much of the action taking place in Siberia. Mr. Pasternak is clearly a man of great intelligence and distinction, but it may be doubted whether the novel is the medium in which he best expresses himself. The novel is, as a rule, a form not sympathetic to poets, and, although the over-all picture is of great interest—and can certainly be read without political preoccupations—the characters do not emerge as individuals as they do, for example, in Tolstoy. Like so much that comes out of Russia, the style has an old-fashioned air, although if I had to compare *Doctor Zhivago* with the work of a contemporary Western writer I should name Malraux. A. P.

The Brides of Solomon. Geoffrey Household. Michael Joseph, 13/6

These who know Mr. Household only through his novels must think of him first as a writer who can make even a hole in a hill almost intolerably dramatic. His short stories would surprise them by their range of mood and subject, but it is in these that he finds his chief dividend from the adventurous life, recently described in his autobiography, that drove him about the world in peace and war.

The sixteen stories in this collection are, nearly all of them, neatly and economically turned. The narrative grips immediately, but their chief interest lies in a delicate assessment of shades of character in widely assorted people. Occasionally the reader may be unpersuaded ("Letter to a Sister?"), but he can be grateful for so generous and civilized a haul. Pathos is here, and plain excitement, but so is humour, at its best in Mr. Household's delightful account of the crazy friendship of a drunken English colonel and a bewildered American sergeant. E. O. D. K.

Crossing the Line. Claud Cockburn. MacGibbon and Kee, 18/-

This second volume of Claud Cockburn's autobiography, if that isn't too

pompous a word for it, covers, loosely, the period between his marriage just before the war and his retirement into Ireland, and out of Communism, shortly after it; "loosely," because a lifetime spent circumambulating the inside of public affairs has left him so primed with anecdotes that the passing mention of a name or an event will send him lightly skipping through the decades in order to retail one. Such diverse characters as General de Gaulle, Brigham Young, John Huston, Roger Casement and Major Arbuthnot (the original Beachcomber of the *Daily Express*, who used to take a special train back to his regiment at Windsor after delivering his copy in Fleet Street) chase each other across the pages like figures in some twentieth-century Bayeux Tapestry. The book is uproarious reading; but more, it is a valid portrait of a period taken from an entirely unorthodox angle, as if Armstrong-Jones had decided to photograph a sitter from behind, or below.

B. A. Y.

The Law. Roger Vailland: translated by Peter Wiles. Cape, 15/-

This novel—last year's Prix Goncourt winner, this month's Book Society choice—follows every fashionable formula for success: starkness of style, maximum emphasis on sex, sun-scorched setting (Southern Italian township with feudal atmosphere and *droit de seigneur* still exercised), and a dash of symbolism, while disenchanted, dying, hedonistic Don Cesare, the scholarly landowner and old town-bull (compounded of Hemingway and Huxley in equal parts) supplies the last philosophical reflections on change and decay: ("he had committed suicide slowly, by successive phases, keeping time with his period. This had taken seventy-two years and had not always been disagreeable.") There is a juvenile-delinquent idyll; a fat part for Loren or Lollobrigida (who set the fashion for local beach-wear); a grim despot racketeer ("He, Brigante, raped and knifed"); corrupt, lustful police chief; an affair between ineffectual judge's mature wife and racketeer's "jazz-circle," law-student son, and an adolescent game of café-rudeness recalling a certain London Back Bar in 1943. It should sell a million copies: a Jules Dassin film-version impends, *costi sia*.

J. M-R.

The Fire of Milan. Riccardo Bacchelli. Translated by Kathleen Nott. Secker, 18/-

In Italy Signor Bacchelli is regarded as the heir of Manzoni. If you've never read Manzoni imagine a writer somewhere between Scott and Trollope. With such a heritage the present choice of subject might scarcely seem to agree. *The Fire of Milan* is set in the awful interim between Mussolini's collapse and the liberation—when Italy, exhausted and divided, waited in a sort of moral vacuum for deliverance from her immediate past.

GETTYSBURG COUNTRY CLUB

NAME DD Eisenhower DATE Sept

PLAYER'S SIGNATURE Dwight D. Eisenhower

No.	Yards	Scratch	Strokes and Remarks
1	456	5	8
2	172	3	7
3	401	4	9?
4	451	5	? <u>Fairly Fairbury</u>
5	171	3	<u>7. D-Dutles!</u>
6	506	5	<u>missed:</u>
7	353	4	<u>Pentagon</u>
8	375	4	<u>Monoc</u>
9	423	5	<u>8 Nuclear?</u>
10	209	3	<u>4 Little Rock</u>
11	453	5	<u>74 Dittles</u>
12	400	4	<u>URGENT</u>
13	538	5	<u>X RECALL</u>
14	189	3	<u>Quemay</u>
15	391	4	<u>7 Ding Chiang</u>
16	388	4	<u>15 Dittles</u>
17	186	3	<u>3 Macmillan</u>
18	465	5	<u>X Chiang Riang</u>

In 3219 36 GROSS TOTAL
Out 3308 38 Handicap N. Khurshid
6527 74 NET TOTAL Sceptre

The effects of the wholesale catastrophe are shown up in the lives of four or five individuals. But the author's approach to his theme is bi-focal. Alternately he writes at length, in the pawky fashion of yester-century, with an essayist's flourish on every page; and then presents his characters close-up, in chunks of naked—and awkward—dialogue. Such a method could have its points, but the effect here is stilted, and not all the author's shrewdness or sense of irony can do much to ease it up. We are left with a *tour de force*, not convincing—but certainly a curio. D. P.

Collected Stories: These Thirteen. William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus, 15/-

Mr. Faulkner is something of a barn-stormer. Is he impressive not so much from an intrinsic quality but because he can ape the gestures of greatness? Whether this is so or not he has certainly impressed the prize-givers. The blurb

of his collected stories tells us that he has not only carried off the Nobel Prize but also the Pulitzer and the American National Book Award. These stories are disappointing, but most of them date a long way back. One section comprises tales of the first world war—and I say "tales" deliberately because they have that "smoking-room" quality that once characterized the old *Strand Magazine*. Manly, knock-about, sufficiently obscure to seem clever, they have a strong flavour of Kipling. They are chiefly remarkable for some excellent portraits of British Army and Air Force types. Another section is given up to the writer's more usual locale—the Deep South—the troubles of the negro, the negro lynched on the evidence of an ageing virgin who claims to have been raped, the spinster relic of an old Southern family living out her life in a fading mansion with a grim secret.

The most original story is "Red Leaves" which tells how some Indians inherit a plantation of negro slaves and have no idea what to do with them. Mr. Faulkner is a writer on the grand scale, but a quality of "ham" results from the self-conscious, if powerful, artistry of his performance. O. M.

AT THE PLAY

Garden District (ARTS)
The Heart's a Wonder (WESTMINSTER)
Mary Stuart (OLD VIC)
Auntie Mame (ADELPHI)

IN *Garden District* Tennessee Williams continues his highly coloured studies of life in America's Deep South, an area which can hardly regard him as its most favourable propagandist. The programme consists of two one-act plays, both dealing with rich and possessive patrons. *Suddenly Last Summer*, the longer, is a polished piece of melodrama that draws so much excitement from an odd and distorted atmosphere that even cannibalism comes as a not very surprising incident.

Its terrible old lady, crazily mourning the death of an adored son, has put away in an asylum the niece who was with him when he died and whose wild story of his end is blasting his reputation. Immensely wealthy, this evil dragon has offered a brain-surgeon money for research if he will quieten her niece's memory. The girl comes to meet the surgeon in her aunt's garden, and in a state of hypnosis describes how on their

holiday in South America she had been forced to procure for her neurotic cousin, an office normally undertaken by his mother, and how he had been pursued and partially devoured by starving piccaninnies. From what we had heard of him this seemed a fitting close to a far from useful life. Clearly the girl is neither mad nor lying; the curtain leaves the surgeon weighing up the claims of research against his Hippocratic oaths.

REP SELECTION

Manchester, Library Theatre, *Hindle Wakes*, until October 4th.
 Windsor, Theatre Royal, *A Touch of the Sun*, until October 4th.
 Hornchurch, Queen's Theatre, *The Glass Menagerie*, until September 27th.
 Salisbury, Playhouse, *The Bride and the Bachelor*, until September 27th.

He is a slightly sinister figure, with an awkward habit of peering round curtains at his patients. One doesn't quite believe in him, nor in the girl's feeble mother and brother; but all the same the play is good theatre, and more directly dramatic than most of Mr. Williams's work.

It has two big parts, both very well acted. Beatrix Lehmann draws the obsessions of the aunt with harsh brilliance, and Patricia Neal makes an extremely powerful scene of the girl's confession. Apart from highfalutin music from nowhere Herbert Machiz' production is tense, and Stanley Moore's set of an exotic garden starts the play in the right direction.

The curtain-raiser, *Something Unspoken*, is a sketch of domestic hatred kept on ice, of a socialite busybody and her crushed secretary who have been together for fifteen years. It is greatly inferior to the other piece, but the production doesn't favour it by letting Beatrix Lehmann's semi-lunatic behaviour as the secretary suggest some deeper complication that never shows up. As the mistress Beryl Measor gives a rich account of pride and futility.

If you have never seen *The Playboy of the Western World* you may enjoy *The Heart's a Wonder*, an innocent musical which Nuala and Mairin O'Farrell have made from it; if you have, you will probably regret the watering-down of one of the finest comedies in the language. This is no discredit to the authors, whose adaptation is respectful, using much of the original dialogue and a basis of familiar Irish airs; but Synge's rhythms were their own music, and inevitably the magnificent edge of the play is lost when it is broken up by song. Irony weakens, sentiment thickens, and the result is a rather tame folk entertainment, not without charm in a very simple way. It is fairly cast, and Denis Carey has produced it sympathetically, in a good setting by Michael MacLiammoir. Una



Auntie Mame—BEATRICE LILLIE

[Auntie Mame

Collins is a spirited Pegeen, Joe Lynch a moronic Christy who blossoms well, and Milo O'Shea, whose rocketing voice is one of the wonders of the western world, a very funny Shawn. The chorus of village girls and old soaks is smartly drilled. But the objection still stands, that Synge by himself is infinitely stronger.

As was expected, Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, good at Edinburgh, has improved on a normal stage. Judicious cutting has added to its effect. Stephen Spender's translation and Peter Wood's production are admirable, and a very sound cast is superbly led by Irene Worth and Catherine Lacey. The Old Vic has a winner.

Parts of *Auntie Mame*, the novel, I thought rather funny. The odds against its particular flavour reaching the stage were enormous, and in fact *Auntie Mame*, the play, is only a pale reflection of the original. It has a huge cast and is broken into a great many episodes. At times it becomes embarrassingly sentimental, and its misuse of Beatrice Lillie can be judged by the necessity for her to shed genuine tears. Now and then the script allows her to bring off one of her incomparable moments of anti-climax, but in the main she is hamstrung by the plot. Florence Desmond makes much of a small part. The décor is dull, and vulgarity creeps in with such literal adaptations as the mechanical burping in which Mrs. Burnside's digestive troubles find expression.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Major Barbara (Royal Court—10/9/58) runs until September 27. *Five Finger Exercise* (Comedy—23/7/58), a good serious play by a new dramatist. *Not in the Book* (Criterion—16/4/58), a clever comedy-thriller. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Cranes are Flying
The Night of the Storm

"NO, I'm not afraid of the bombs; I'm afraid of the police," says someone, and one's attention is distracted from the film, *qua* film, not only by the thought that that's an extraordinary remark to come uncensored out of Russia but also by the suspicion that the Russian sentences meant something different and the sub-titles were altered for devious propaganda reasons. By the time one's worked out that that's unlikely one has missed about twenty foot of film.

What I mean is that it really is impossible to ignore completely the political implications of *The Cranes are Flying* (Director: Mikhail Kalatozov). The example I've chosen may seem naïve, but the woman in front of me gasped.



[The Cranes are Flying]

Neronica—TATYANA SAMOILOVA

The whole film is eloquent of the brief, two-year-gone political thaw, and even if it were drivel it would still be, in that sense, moving. As a matter of fact it is extremely moving in its own right; it concerns the separation of two young lovers by the war; her unfaithfulness, his death, peace. Tatyana Samoilova plays the girl quite beautifully, a not more than ordinarily pretty, impulsive, weakish, likable individual. It is the individuality that matters, as the two monstrous machines lurch into war. And here we are back again with political considerations. How much of one's delight and surprise at the girl's precious, soft, happy personality stems from her contrast with the heedless mechanics of war, and how much from her contrast with what we believe the Russian state to be like? The former is a valid consideration, the latter, I suppose not. But I can't unravel my own feelings.

A curious thing is the sense of inherent passion in practically every sequence. At first I thought this was something like the shared convictions which used to make ordinary war films so good—a belief in the ultimate justice of something. But whenever anything like that comes to the surface the strongest feeling is of

someone saying "I suppose we'd better put in something for the Commissars." This accounts for several collapses in the film's mood and tension—an absurd caricature of an orgy among bloated racketeers; a patriotic speech to calm an hysterical casualty—and also for a much more serious weakness. The girl is good and pure; a cowardly pianist seduces her during an air-raid; she marries him. It would be possible to make the thing credible, but no attempt is made simply, I believe, because it was thought too dangerous to allow a heroine to like a villain.

I'm not even sure that it is a passion for the individual that comes through, though it may be partly that. But the passion for making films is inescapable; in fact it sometimes gets in the way. The Wellesian camera-angles, the tricks with light, the superimposed pictures succeed each other with an intricacy that belies the simplicity of the plot. And judging by the amount of symbols I did see I imagine there was a litter of them I didn't. At the time it didn't seem to matter, but the more I've thought about it the more doubtful I've become about whether I'd have been so moved and impressed if the film had been made in, say, West Germany.

PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

An exhibition of theatrical drawings and caricatures from *Punch* over the last one hundred and seventeen years is now at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, the Theatre Royal, York, the Gateway, Edinburgh. In London an exhibition of *Punch* theatre drawings is at the Saville Theatre.

I only include *The Night of the Storm* (Director: Falk Harnack) for contrast. It is, in fact, a German film and like *The Cranes are Flying* a study in unfaithfulness. The seduction takes place of course in the storm in question. Almost everything in the plot has its exact parallel in the Russian film but, apart from the pleasure of watching Lillie

Palmer, it is uniformly uninteresting and unexciting. You couldn't say that of *The Cranes are Flying*.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Releases include *A Dangerous Age* (21/5/58), an intelligent and out-of-the-way Canadian piece about a young couple on the run, and *Sea Fury* (10/9/58) which concerns the activities of salvage tugs in the Bay of Biscay and is fairly exciting in a predictable fashion.

PETER DICKINSON

AT THE GALLERY

Busman's Holiday

NO one is more to be annoyed by missing the bus than a busman on his holiday. Conscious of my own worst failure in this respect in the past, when in Madrid for one day only, a Sunday, I found the Prado inexplicably shut, I now hand on the information that for France, where I have lately been, Tuesday is likely to be the closed day of museums. This summer buses have gone rather well for me. At Bordeaux Museum I found not only Delacroix's large "La Grèce Expirante sur les Ruines de Missolonghi"; but, in truly resplendent order, glowing and rich, the lower portion of a large lion-hunt scene also by Delacroix, of which the top part was destroyed by fire a hundred years ago.

In Paris one morning last week things were not going well for me, I felt, when it was too dark in the Louvre to see enjoyably Veronese's "Marriage at Cana." But the weather suddenly cleared and I was able to admire Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe," ever more splendid with time, though not improved by its present frame of brown varnished wood, in the reopened Galerie de Jeu de Paume, and there also some of Monet's "Cathedrals" framed effectively by being let into the wall surface. I did not linger at the somewhat esoteric show of seventeenth and eighteenth century French Art at the Orangerie, but was lured away to the Avenue Matignon and an exhibition of the late Henri Matisse, including some little-seen works in the possession of those near to him. This neighbourhood of elegant living seemed a favourable background for the work of this most tasteful of painters who, more than anyone recent, restored elegance to the art of our time.

A large show of drawings, water-colours and etchings, by the now ripe in years Segonzac, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, does justice to the French rural scene; while at Dieppe in the imposing Vieux Château, overlooking the sea and town, is one of landscapes and figure-paintings of the great and gentle master Corot, sponsored by the Louvre, which has lent some of the pictures. I can think of no better way of enhancing one's enjoyment of a French

holiday, synonymously with French landscape, than by a visit to each of these last three exhibitions—Matisse, Segonzac and Corot—all of which remain open throughout September.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Something New

THE autumn season opened with a firework display of new television programmes. The packages were brightly wrapped in ecstatic publicity, but after the beating of drums and the lighting of the blue touch-papers, precious little emerged but a few fitful splutters and a smell of "Dotto."

For one thing, ABC proudly opened their "Long Term Development Plan for Drama" with a melodrama about two doctors who "face an emotional upheaval which changes the course of their marriages." As a background there was a smallpox epidemic, and for a very good reason: the aim of this Long Term Development Plan is that "by 1960 every play in the Sunday Armchair Theatre series shall be an original TV work . . . with a story content emphasis on subjects that illuminate the contemporary scene." Among other story contents scheduled to illuminate the contemporary scene for us this autumn I note the following:

"An escaped French prisoner of war takes refuge with two sisters who befriend him, then finds himself caught up in a strange web of emotion and mystery."

"A girl who has witnessed a murder on the fog-bound moors flees in peril of her life."

"A retired French plastic surgeon is

forced by an Algerian terrorist leader to operate and make his features unidentifiable."

Well, I suppose it's about time *somebody* illuminated the strange web of emotion and mystery in which we live. But at this rate I doubt if it's going to be done by 1960.

The BBC announced no grandiose master-plan, but plunged us straight into a six-part serialization of Frank Tilsley's novel *Champion Road*. Novelists of Tilsley's calibre can create a setting, and people it, and pull us through it by the scruff of our necks, making us see it, feel it, know it, passionately care about it, by the sheer power of their narrative skill. But what a hollow, pasteboard mockery so often results when their pages of prose are put through the "adaptation" mincing-machine! Echoing sets, the arbitrary telescoping of events, laughable crowd-work, off-the-peg characterizations and a feeling that the characters were living in a vacuum, all combined to squeeze the life out of the opening of this tough northern tale. How, with their limited resources, can they hope to give us a convincing picture of the seething life of a town, which the unfettered novelist can suggest so vividly? Television should stop trying to compete with the cinema: the result in the long run can only be professional Amateur Dramatics.

William Lucas and Violet Carson took their few opportunities undaunted, and rose above the glumness splendidly.

Of course what we really needed most of all was another American quiz show. It is a sad reflection on the sorry state to which this nation has fallen that now we cannot even provide drooling, gibbering lunacy for our own entertainment but must import it from abroad. "Dotto" (ATV) is inexcusable, and will be popular.

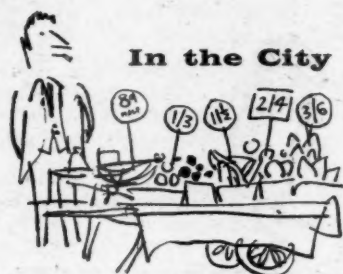
ATV followed this with "Invisible Man." I am personally acquainted with a normal human child of six years old who would have laughed it off the screen if he hadn't very sensibly gone to bed some hours before it started. I can recall characters in *Tiger Tim* behaving with more gumption, not to mention intelligence, than this bunch of nit-brained scientists, cabinet ministers, *et al.* As for the invisibility trickery, about which *TV Times* was so coyly proud some weeks ago, like Johnson's dog walking on his hinder legs it was *not* well done; but you were surprised to find it done at all.

I wish to thank Alan Rees for his television presentations (BBC) of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra from the Edinburgh Festival. The glimpses of their conductor Josef Krips, who looked like Mr. Wardle and positively bounced and shone with simple delight at the wonder and beauty of music, gave me more pleasure than the little screen has offered for a long time. I fear I am too easy to please. HENRY TURTON



[Champion Road

Jonathan Briggs—WILLIAM LUCAS
Joe Greenhalgh—JOE BLANSHARD



In the City

A Nation of Contractors

IF there is one trade above all others into which has seeped the genius of adventure and merchanting which made the British Empire it is that of public works contracting. We may no longer be "the workshop of the world"; we may no longer deserve Napoleon's epithet "a nation of shopkeepers"; but when it comes to building dams, railways, power stations, new townships and blocks of offices over the far-flung corners of the globe the British contractor is still supreme, although in a world in which he is meeting increasing competition.

The extent of that competition was brought home forcibly and painfully in 1956 when the Italians won the civil engineering contract for building the Kariba Dam on the Zambesi in Rhodesia. The Italians, it was said at the time, were able to underquote us because their engineers, foremen and skilled men were prepared to rough it in the wilds of the Zambesi Gorge and submit to conditions of work—and of remuneration—which are out of tune with the rewards expected in a fully employed welfare state.

Be that as it may, the Kariba victory may turn out to have been an expensive one for the Italians. The gods that guard the Zambesi turned their wrath last winter against those who would harness their mighty river, and the floods of February and March swept away a great deal of the work that had already been done. This defeat may have been a blessing in disguise for Britain, but it was, none the less, a smack in the eye which seems to have done the British industry a power of good.

How much good is indicated by the fact that in the twelve months to the end of last March, British contractors carried out more than £114 million-worth of constructional work. This was an all-time record and exceeded by £12 million the total of the previous twelve months. The industry is proceeding to still further records, as may be gauged from the fact that the value of new contracts obtained during the

year totalled £119 million, which was £17 million more than in the previous year.

Here are some typical examples of recent awards, showing the range of work undertaken by British firms operating overseas.

Cementation Ltd. have been awarded a contract valued at £850,000 for the construction of the first bridge to be built across the River Karun in Persia.

George Wimpey and Co. have been awarded a contract valued at £12 million for the construction of the Furnas Hydro-Electric project in Brazil. This was secured in the face of keen international competition.

John Brown and Co. have been

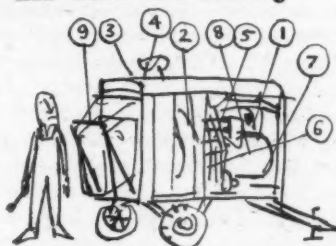
awarded a £1,500,000 contract to construct a natural gas pipeline in Lower Austria.

Taylor Woodrow are helping to build a £2½ million extension to the Nadi Airport in Fiji. They have also received a £250,000 contract for building a textile mill in Persia.

Finally, as a perfect tit-for-tat for Kariba, the Nuclear Power Plant Co., of which Sir Robert McAlpine Ltd. is a member, has recently signed a contract for building a £10 million nuclear power station at Latina in Italy. This is the first nuclear power station in the world to be exported. Let us hope that there will be no counterpart of the Zambesi gods to utter their curse on this project.

LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Come Blow Up Your Corn

THE keen ear may detect a lack of tone in the bass, come harvest festival, at the line "All is safely gathered in." Bringing home the corn has been a Battle of Flodden Field, and haysel wasn't much better. Better times are on the way if all they say about this modern mobile airing plant is true. Instead of waiting for wind and sun (if any) to do the job you blow hot or cold air through the wet grass or grain. There's nothing new in the basic idea—they were ventilating grain stores in India 2,000 years ago—but now there's a runabout which can be whisked here and there, in the field or barn, where the need is greatest, the farmer's flying column for stiffening his defences against the ravages of an English summer.

"Make hay while the sun shines" may be on the way out as a proverb, for the blower can get to work anywhere under cover even while King Lear's well-known cataracts and hurricanes are spouting till they have drench'd the steeples (though not, admittedly, for optimum results till they have drown'd the cocks). It is even claimed that grass cut green, wilted for two days, and then subjected to the air-blow makes better hay than if left to nature, because the leaf-blades are not shattered so that

some of the goodness is lost, as may happen when the crop lies about on the ground.

Grain is treated by introducing the air into tunnels made through the stored sacks. A canvas trunk from the drying machine bellies out as the air is swooshed through it into the tunnel, and this system may also be applied to hay in bales built up over a triangular central structure to form a cavity. The machine blows hot and cold, which we can only hope the conservative old farmers won't do when half sold on the idea. The first cold blast reduces the moisture content briskly, then the heat is turned on to complete the conditioning. A final short cold blow is also recommended. The time taken varies with the humidity of the outside air; a Hampshire barley-grower saw thirty-five tons of his crop lowered in moisture content from 27 per cent to 16 per cent in one hundred hours.

It's all done by oil. Pop goes the diesel, one gallon of it, and one hundredweight of water has been sucked out in an hour. They say there's no risk of fire or contamination of the crop by fumes, because a heat-exchanger prevents unpleasant by-products of combustion getting mixed up with the clean air. Other uses for this civilian air force include drying out flooded buildings, a ploy for which there was generous scope last month. The price is something under £700.

LESLIE MARSH

"It was the aim of Queen's School to give children a thorough grounding in the three 'R's,' so that when they went out into the Ocean of Life they would be able to stand on their own two feet."—*Richmond Herald*

At low tide, anyway.

FOR
WOMEN

Career Cat

A FEW weeks ago I wrote of Maurice, the model dog. Maurice is very vain, even for a poodle, and he was not for allowing this tribute to escape the notice of Susie, whose press-cutting book is the equal of his, although so her pedigree; "White Persian" is just a loose description, Maurice says. Susie's reply is that absolute beauty needs no apology nor pedigree. She has no need to compete at the Cat Show since she is *invited* by the Committee to make a Personal Appearance. Furthermore, her career has been pure and dedicated. Since a very early age she has devoted her life to her art. She has never married, whereas Maurice *admits* to four hundred children.

Susie was "discovered." Every now and then this dull life is illuminated by a flash of romance: an understudy takes the lead at a moment's notice and becomes famous overnight; a little back-street girl dancing to a hurdy-gurdy is seen by an impresario who comets her to stardom. It was like that with Susie. She was sunning herself, half asleep, on an upper window sill of her little house in Ivor Place near Regent's Park, and it SO HAPPENED that a gentleman passing by looked up and caught her eye—the one which was not quite shut. Now it SO HAPPENED that this gentleman was in a film company, and it SO HAPPENED that they wanted a white cat to cast in a film advertising the luxurious softness of Kosset carpets. He knocked on the door, and inquired whether she would care to have a film test.

By one of those little coincidences which make the world, in spite of everything, a joy to live in, it SO HAPPENED that Susie's owner was, and is, Miss

Adza Vincent, the theatrical agent, who handles films, radio and television as well. So that when opportunity knocked on the door in this gentlemanly guise she welcomed it with businesslike acumen. From that moment Susie was not only Miss Vincent's dearly beloved domestic pet but also a name on her books along with her other clients of stage and screen. Any other innocent young kit would have leapt at the chance of a film test and gone off with the gentleman for nothing. But Miss Vincent saw to it that the terms were acceptable and that one good engagement led to another.

Thus, although it was in commercial films that Susie had her first parts, and it was as a photographer's model that she first lay down on a double-page spread, she was not content to remain the Kosset cat: any cat can sit on a mat (although no cat could sit so pretty, and she still condescends whenever required). Soon she was being signed on for full-length feature films. She worked with Michael Hordern and Susan



Beaumont in *The Spaniard's Curse*, and then took the lead with Lillian Gish in Anthony Asquith's *Orders to Kill*. It is Susie who commits the murder, jumping on the hand that holds the trigger in a scene which took much rehearsing. Her stand-in is a white rabbit-skin.

While working at Shepperton she had her own dressing-room next to that of Miss Gish—a resting-room really, since Susie never dresses. She leaves that sort of thing to dogs, with their jewelled collars, cocktail coats, raincoats, and galoshes. Even when working for fashion photographers Susie poses "as is." And unlike poodles with their

expensive trims, shampoos and sets, she never has a professional coiffure and does all her own washing. Yes, for a career cat, Susie is an economical cat. True she usually goes by taxi or private car, and is an experienced air traveller; but she will take a train or bus in an emergency. She never travels in a basket—just on a lead. She goes for country week-ends and is the perfect guest. All she requires is adulation; indeed she just lives on adulation, caviar, potted shrimps, and cream—although again, in an emergency, she will take top-of-the-milk. She has the natural vanity and withdrawn aloofness of her species, keeping herself to herself, while exercising remote control over the world which revolves around her.

Susie gets five guineas a day for film work, but will not reveal how much for modelling. Since she has appeared on the cover of *Vogue* she can name her own fee. There is the price of caviar to consider . . . and old age. She is seven now, and although she looks forward to many years of the bright lights yet, there will come a time when she is too old even for lying-on parts. Then she will have to live on her memories and her savings. ALISON ADBURGHAM

★

The Right Way

JOHNNY! . . . I won't have you coming into lunch like that! Go outside and come in again, properly this time. Come in at a *gallop* and send the door *crashing* back against the wall.

That's the way.

No, don't pull your chair out and sit down and just pick up your knife and fork. *Throw* yourself into your chair and *grab* your knife and fork as though you're going to attack someone. Like this.

Yes, that's better, but you're holding

the knife and fork the wrong way. Hold them like this, as though you have a sword in each hand.

More aggressively.

Well, that's better. It's not quite right, but it's better.

Now hold them pointing up in the air and stick your elbows out.

Out.

Right, now start.

No!

Push the knife and the fork into your food as hard as you can—that's it—pile as much on your fork as you can, more than that, go on. No, more than that...

Try using it as though it were a spade. Turn it the other way round. Now, dig.

Oh, really, what's the matter with you? Why can't you do as you're told? I'm your mother, I'm doing my best for you, I'm working myself to the bone, and this is all the thanks I get. You don't even try to learn how to behave.

A baby would do better.

Now do it again.

Well, all right, that's a bit more like it.

More.

Good boy.

More.

No, don't wait to swallow, just keep pushing it in. That's fine. And keep grinning all the time. Keep your mouth open.

Keep it open!

Push another forkful in.

Faster!

I don't care, you've got to try.

What's the matter, don't you want me to be proud of you? Don't you want to win at the audition and get in a TV commercial?

MARJORIE RIDDELL

☆

From the Kitchen

HOW others love to praise
The summer's last mad throw,
The fine September days
That mist and break and glow,

Bring out the cotton dress,
Drown garden-plot and wall
In luscious fruitiness—
How others love it all!

Revel in everything!
They don't know what it means
To have to sit and string
Another trug of beans.

ANGELA MILNE

All Done without Mirrors

THE staunch spirit that took America's pioneer women across dangerous prairie and desert lives on. It was obviously bequeathed to their descendants, and if you don't believe me how do you account for the fact that here and there modern pioneers may be seen making up their lips without benefit of mirrors? The calmness and strength of purpose! I discovered the first few only recently on a cross-country trip, and who says travel isn't broadening?

Riding from hotel to terminal in an airlines limousine I sat beside a flight hostess who serenely extracted a smart golden cylinder from her handbag and reddened her pretty lips to perfection while looking into nothing at all. I explained this away by telling myself that courage is prerequisite to a career in the clouds. But on the plane I sat with a school teacher from Kalamazoo, and you can slap me with a second-grade reader if she didn't whip out her lipstick and apply same sans mirror. The last straw lay at the end of the trail; it was with mounting dismay that I saw my hostess making up her lips with some nonchalance and no mirror.

This being America, where things happen so quickly, so overwhelmingly,

that to-day's pebble is to-morrow's Mount Rushmore, I am quite frankly worried over what this trend may mean to me and to women all over the country. What is behind it all? Can it be something more than the pioneer spirit? Are these women suffering from inferiority complexes and hoping to demonstrate their self-assurance and emotional stability? Are they merely displaying their virtuosity, as Van Cliburn might do in attacking that difficult Rachmaninoff cadenza? Or have they been caught up, quite innocently, in some subversive plot to sabotage the mirror industry?

Choose any answer you like, but admit, as you must, that these women are the brave ones. Blessed with a will to do and dare, they are the women who will go places, the women who will make names for themselves. It may be that, with their fine devil-may-care spirit, they will be among those making the first flight to the Moon. And I, for one, will be glad to see them go, the show-offs!

WANDA BURGAN

☆

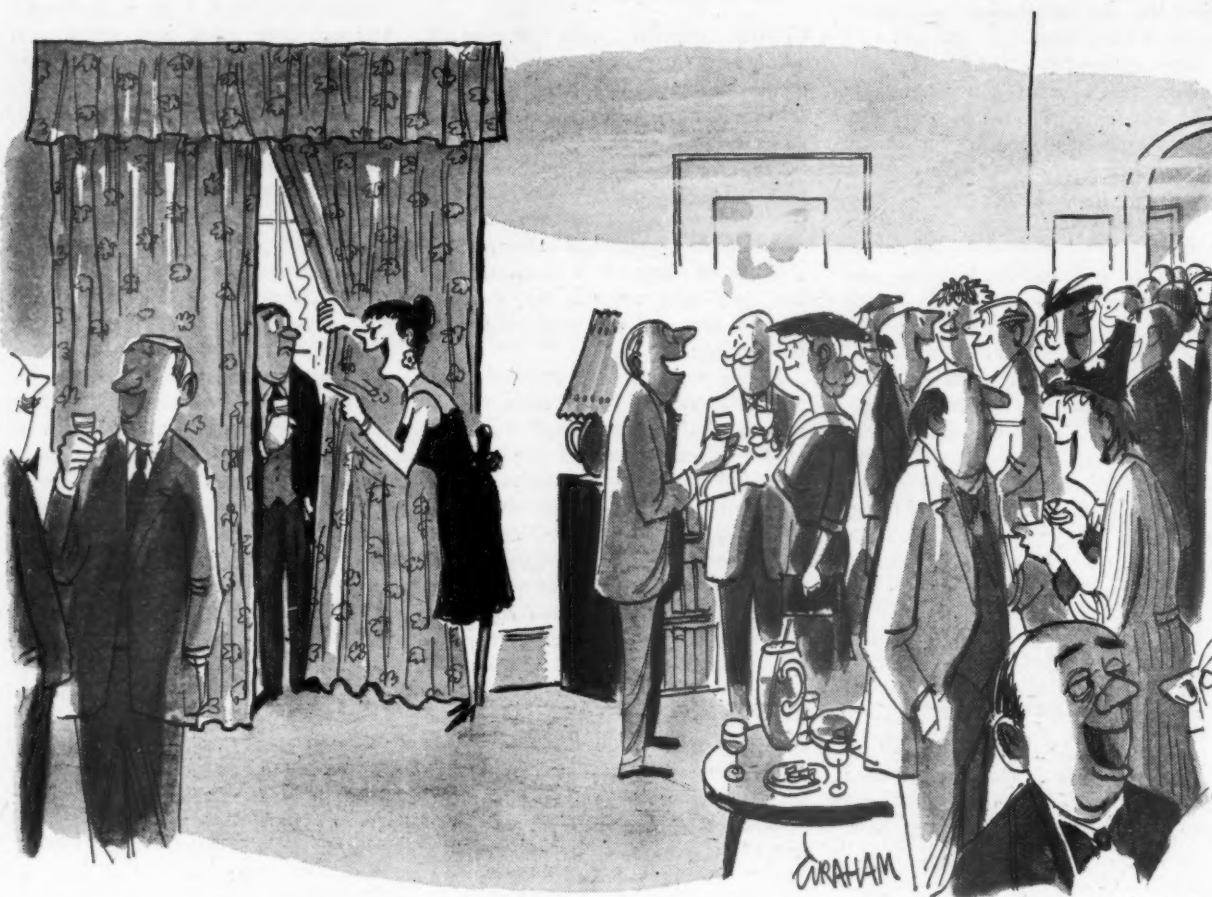
"A pair of white painted foot-prints, two feet long, have appeared on the tiled roof of Loughton High School for Girls."

Evening Standard

Just the right length.



"Miss Frampton—there is no need to take this down."



"Naughty, Mr. Wilkins! Not circulating!"

The Trouble with Naples

By GEORGE VANDEREST

THE trouble with Naples," Mrs. Plomer said, pausing by my table in the restaurant of the Hotel de l'Europe, "is that the Italians will not leave you alone. Have you been here long, Mr. Vanderest?"

"Just arrived," I said, rising. Mrs. Plomer and her daughter Enid were the first friends I had made. Our friendship, dating from a joint trip in the hotel elevator, was exactly forty-five minutes old.

"You will find out soon enough," said Enid. Mother and daughter had been in Italy so long they had developed a charming little accent, a delightful foreign tinkle.

I was very taken with Enid.

"Be careful about the people who speak to you first," said Mrs. Plomer. Enid laughed.

"Oh, mother! You are a scream!" she said. "You spoke first to Mr. Vanderest!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Plomer. "Mr. Vanderest is a seasoned traveller who is quite capable of making distinctions."

I had my first experience of what Mrs. Plomer had warned me against shortly after dinner. I was standing on the water-front a few paces from my hotel. It was raining softly: the bay was bottle-green and Vesuvius, in the distance, a dark purple.

The wind blew in great gusts.

"You are looking for your ship?" said an elderly gentleman, appearing suddenly at my side. His umbrella was tightly rolled in spite of the rain, which indicated that he wished to be known as an Englishman. His voice was soft and pleasantly modulated.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I am looking for a bookshop."

"There is one around the corner," said the man with the umbrella, the third new friend I had made since my arrival in Naples. He gave my order in a ringing voice. I was very, very grateful to the old gentleman for helping me out.

"In Naples," he said, "there are two things one *must* buy: gloves and hats."

"I never wear a hat," I said. "And I don't need gloves, but thank you very much just the same."

"For your wife, perhaps?"

"I am temporarily single," I said.

"Ah, but you have a friend? I will conduct you to a shop where you will pay half what they would cost you in New York. Hand-stitched gloves!"

"They are very beautiful," I said, when we had left the glove shop, "and I am happy to know where to get such gloves. As I shall be staying in Naples for a few days I shall certainly think about buying a pair before I leave."

"You must not think that I get a commission," said my companion.

"Of course not," I said.

We tramped through the rain of Naples. "The guide-books are written by optimists," said my escort. "However, there is a place near by where it is very dry. We will sip a Strega apiece and meanwhile two young ladies will resurrect an ancient Pompeian dance for us. Two thousand lire for the artistes should be ample."

I told Mrs. Plomer and Enid about my encounter at breakfast the following morning. Enid squealed with delight.

"Did you fall for it?" she asked.

"No, of course not," I said quickly.

"Enid," said Mrs. Plomer. "Can't you see that Mr. Vanderest is not a tourist?"

"He's been around," agreed Enid. She gave me a look in which I seemed to discern an element of sympathy. I rather wished Mrs. Plomer would find it necessary to go up to her room and leave me to discuss Naples and the Neapolitans with her daughter. But Mrs. Plomer had something on her mind.

"There is one thing your guide was right about," she said, carefully removing some egg yolk from the corner of her mouth with a napkin. "Naples is a good city for bargains. But of course you have to know where to go—and what to buy. Then, perhaps, oh, once in a great while, every ten years or so..." her voice trailed off into silence.

"Have you ever?" I said politely. Enid looked cross. Mrs. Plomer hesitated.

"Once," she said.

I went to bed that evening full of a great and over-whelming desire to

possess a sardonyx cameo-brooch like the one Mrs. Plomer had had the good fortune to acquire from an impoverished Neapolitan noblewoman some years prior to our meeting.

"It was simply a matter of helping an old friend," explained Mrs. Plomer modestly. "But even so it was a tremendous bargain, as you can see. I was just bursting with curiosity to find out whether it was genuine quattroceto, so we went to the Museum to see Dr. Modesta. Do you know him? Such a nice man, but I keep forgetting you have only just arrived. He offered me 250,000 lire on the spot."

"Really!" I said. "That's almost four hundred dollars."

"Three hundred and seventy-eight," said Mrs. Plomer.

I spent most of the morning pricing cameos in the Naples shops. There were none to match the one Mrs. Plomer had. I was saddened because I knew my mother had always wanted a Renaissance Mars and Venus with Cupid. I hardly noticed that I had company again. Somebody had been walking alongside of me for quite a while. In profile he looked very like the pictures of the young Napoleon.

"I am not the sort of man who engages in conversation with perfect strangers on the street," he informed me, when he noticed that he had caught my attention. "I merely wish to warn you that if you are contemplating an exchange of dollars for liras you would be well advised to go to a reputable bank."

Over the ham and eggs Mrs. Plomer had told me of an excellent way to get rid of intruders. "Speak a language no one has ever heard before," she said. "Pretend you don't understand a word they say."

"Napultec vad al josha?" I said, tentatively.

"Brodni vad natak," said Napoleon.

"Karpush okk?" I said, incredulously.

"Baggarid," he said, placing his finger alongside his nose.

"All right," I said. "I surrender. Here are some cigarettes. Please leave me alone now."

"Of course," said the young Napoleon. He held out his hand in farewell. I took it. That was a grave mistake.

"I don't wish to buy or sell anything," I said, struggling to release my hand. "I am neither hungry, nor thirsty, nor lasciviously inclined."



His eyes widened in surprise. "Of course!" he said. "Still, we all of us love the Arts, or why are we in Naples?"

He held up his free hand. "If you should ever—not now, not to-morrow, but on some far off day in the future—wish to see two young ladies of excellent family give a representation inspired from ancient Pompeian rites..."

"No, no, no!" I said.

"I get it!" he said suddenly. He dropped my hand and nodded his head emphatically, as one who has solved a difficult puzzle. "You are a great solitary. You wish to be alone."

"It is such a little thing to ask," I explained. "And so very hard to obtain."

"Not hard at all," said Napoleon breezily. "Where do you live?"

At dinner that evening I told Mrs. Plomer that I found Naples exhausting. The only thing that had given me real pleasure so far was the exquisitely carved gem on her bosom. I stared longingly at the cameo and thought how happy mother would be to have it and how she would praise her son's discernment and good taste.

"Mother?" said Enid, suddenly leaning across the table. The two ladies put their heads together. Mrs. Plomer looked at me in surprise.

"Oh, no!" she said. She gave me an apologetic look. "This child is so silly," she said. "She has got it into her head that you want my cameo."

I said I hoped Mrs. Plomer would forgive me for staring. "It was unpardonable of me," I said. "But my mother did ask me to look out for something nice and old..."

"Oh," said Mrs. Plomer. "I am so sorry. I do think people ought to have the things they admire. I think beautiful things belong by right to those that love them." She patted Enid on the cheek. "But my little daughter and I have been unfortunate in some of our recent investments, so I cannot give it to you outright, as I would like to. Why, only recently Baroness Teichen offered me five hundred dollars if I should ever decide to part with it. It is too bad, but I must think about baby, mustn't I?" Mother and daughter leaned their heads together again. The resemblance between them was striking.

The next morning I made ready to go to Pompeii. When I came out of the breakfast room the hotel porter beckoned to a burly Italian in a double-breasted blue suit who was moodily sucking a cigar at the newspaper stand. To me he said "A gentleman to see you, sir."

The burly man strolled over. "Minotti's the name," he said. "Joe Minotti."

"Yes?" I said.

"My brother said you wanted protection," he said. Suddenly I remembered the young Napoleon.

"Oh," I said. "You are the..." Mr. Minotti's accent was vaguely familiar. It reminded me of a town called Cicero, near Chicago, where I had once spent some time, much against my better judgment.

The crowd of guides, touts, and hawkers besieging the Hotel de l'Europe melted away as we came out. My body-guard led the way to a cab. "Pompeii," said Mr. Minotti to the driver. "Avanti."

By the time we arrived at the ruins it had begun to rain again. The rain turned into a heavy downpour just as we reached the open space of the Forum.

"Hallo!" cried a cheerful voice. "Hallo!" Running through the rain towards us I saw a dripping umbrella. The four legs propelling the black dome belonged to Mrs. Plomer and Enid. "How nice to find you here!" said Mrs. Plomer.

"Mother has given in!" crooned Enid. "You can have the cameo for four hundred dollars!"

I think the two ladies saw Mr. Minotti at the same time. A look of horrified recognition came into Mrs. Plomer's eyes. Enid gave a little squeal of fright. "Excuse me," said Mrs. Plomer wildly. "An old friend—" And off they scampered through the rain, mother and daughter, in the general direction of Mount Vesuvius.

Mr. Minotti gave a mirthless laugh. "Cameos yet!" he said.



DOUGLAS

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